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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN Vol. 25 No. 9

Pre-empting Playboy

TULA

the top model born a man

JULIA: THE GIRL WHO PUT THE SEX IN ESSEX

KINGS OF THE CON: WOULD YOU BUY BIG BEN FROM THESE MEN?

PICTURE THIS: OUR GALLERY GIRL UNDRESSES

FRANCE'S MULTI-MILLION FOUR-WHEELED UMBRELLA

KIRSTEN BEFORE THE COVER UP: A PAGE THREE FAVOURITE

ALICE THROUGH THE MOCKING GLASS

MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

Vol. 25. No. 9

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She came, you saw, she conquered — gorgeous Kirsten Imrie, first launched in *Mayfair*, is now a top Page Three girl, and has given up nude modelling. We show her before the cover up

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One of the smallest passenger railway lines in the world stretches across the Romney marshes, haunt of the fictional 18th century smuggler, Dr Syn

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Conceived as an 'umbrella on wheels', the Citroën 2 CV has now sold over 6½ million in its 50 years of existence

CENTRE GIRL

51

Billed as the girl who put the sex in Essex, 23-year-old Julia Gilda is one of the most striking models we've featured. We are tipping her as one of the top beauties of the nineties

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **Kenneth Sims** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** / Features Editor **David Jeffs** / Photo Editor **Tony Murray** / Editorial Assistant **Susan Curtis** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 6 Great James St. WC1N/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 1270 London Road, London SW16/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/

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Mayfair, vol.25, no.9 (Sep 1990)

Cover:

Cover model: Julia Gilda | thread

Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

- Caroline Cossey as Tula Cossey | thread
- Gina Wildes as Gina McKay
- Julia Gilda, GotM | thread
    1. post
- Kirsten Imrie | thread
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- Marlene Mourreau as Trudy Lewis | thread
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- Marlyn Lindsay | thread
- Virginia Austen | thread
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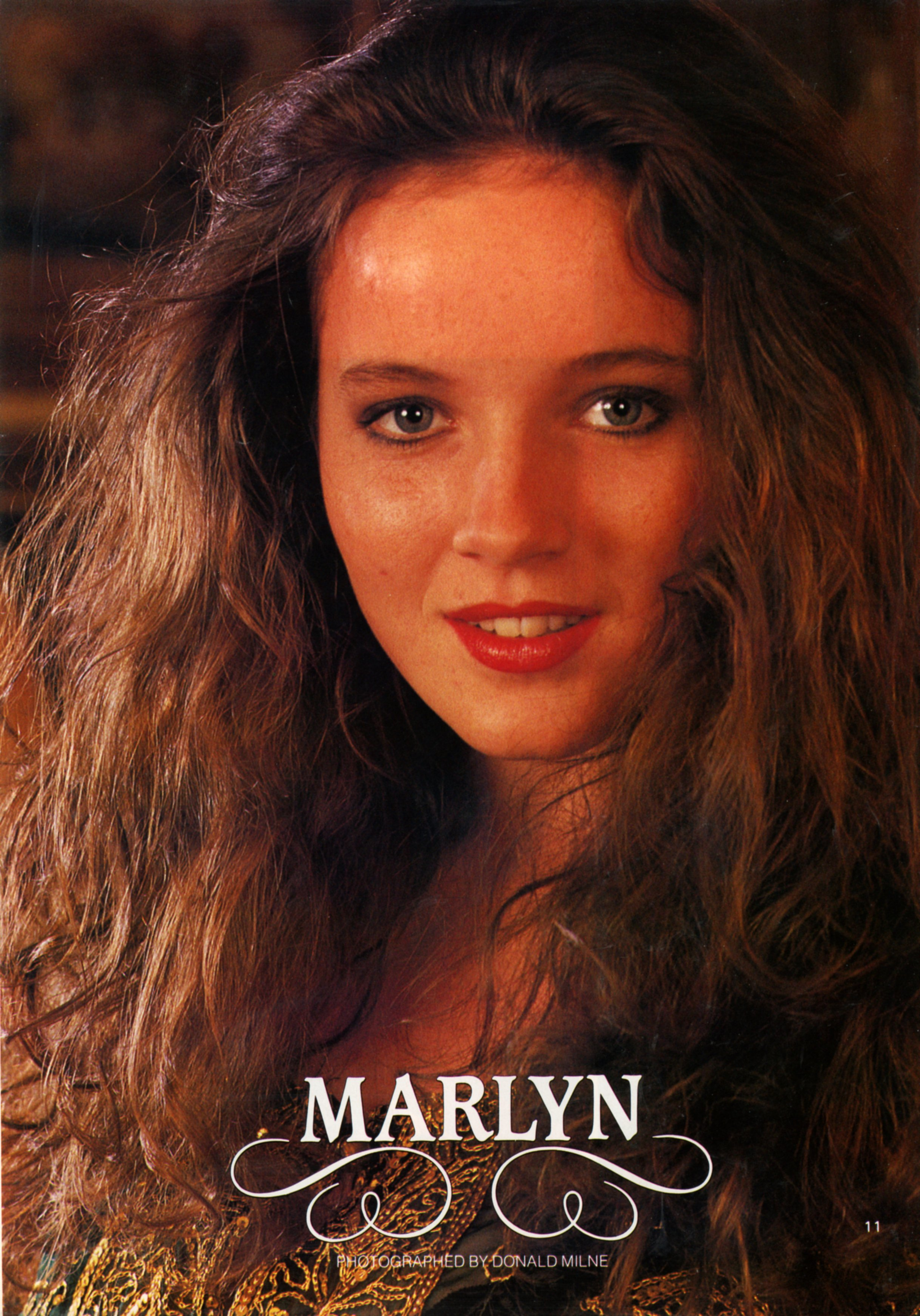


MARLYN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

'Clothes maketh man,' believes 21-year-old Marlyn Lindsay. A keen observer of fashion from her days as a sales assistant in various London fashion stores, this 34D-24-35 inch brunette says if you want to impress a lady — get smart. 'Oh without a doubt,' laughs Marlyn. 'There's nothing sexier than a man who knows how to dress. Scruffy men who don't bother with their appearance are a real turn off. British men aren't too bad, but they could do better.' Judging from our fan mail following a previous appearance, all Marlyn has to do is to undress to impress.

'What an angel,' proclaims DF from Cardiff. 'Marlyn's reappearance is long overdue.' Battersea-born Marlyn takes all this praise in her stride. 'Flattery can get a man almost everywhere.'

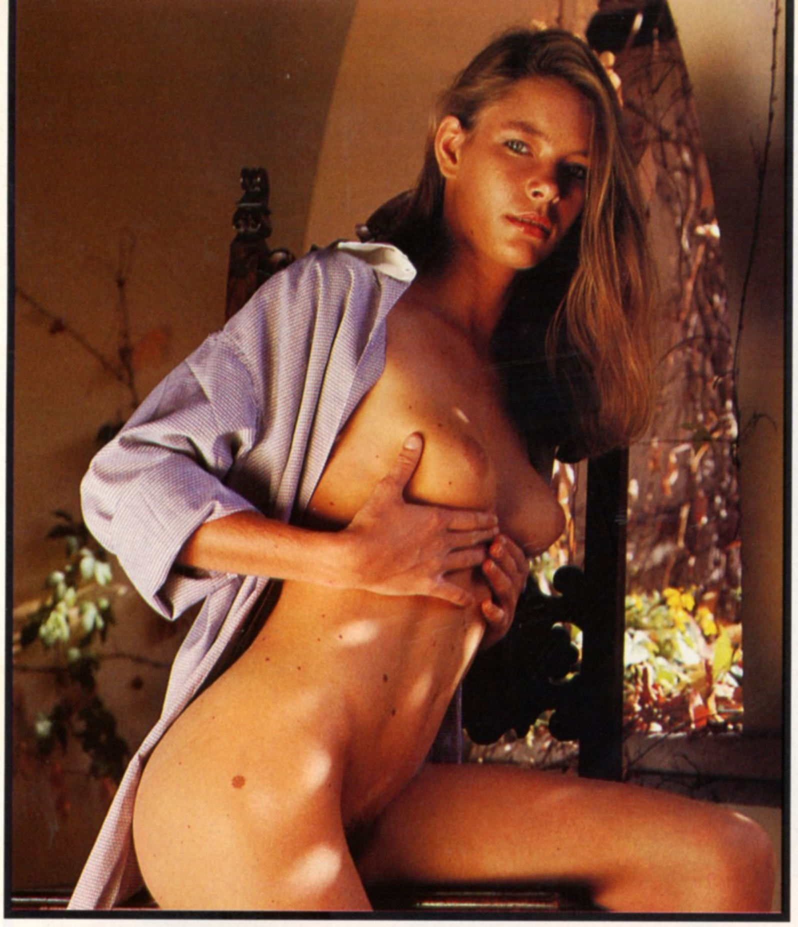
'I just love attention from people. I think it's a trait from my star sign Leo.' She has a cuddlesome quality that makes people warm to her the moment Marlyn walks into a crowded room.

Marlyn has no problems keeping her figure in shape. She exercises, mainly on the dance floor, but says the real reason is that she doesn't drink or smoke. 'It might sound a cliché, but your body is only as good as what you put into it. Keeping off these two keeps your skin and eyes clear and the weight off.' Judging by the end results who is going to argue? 'I did have a go at smoking once but hated it. Now I would rather spend my money on interesting books.'

VIRGINIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

The world of 19-year old Virginia Austen is one of endless drinks parties, first nights at the theatre and intimate soirées. From an early age she has been plugged into the higher reaches of the London social circle, and she enjoys it to the full. Born in Florence, of holidaying English parents, Virginia attended a Swiss finishing school, before settling in her own flat in London's fashionable Chelsea area. She now works as a receptionist-cum-guide in one of London's more exclusive art galleries, negotiating sales with prospective purchasers, and liaising with both established and up-and-coming artists. 'Even my work is an extension of my social life.' admits 35-22-34 inch Virginia, 'I see pretty much the same people, and I love it.'



Despite her background, Virginia does not necessarily favour the chinless Hooray Henry sort of man. 'I have an open mind about the men in my life,' she says candidly, 'I find that a chap who makes me laugh, can make me do virtually *anything* else.' Sex is always uppermost in the lovely Virginia's ('Ginny' to her friends) mind: 'They say the average man thinks of sex every two minutes, well I must think of it at least that often, if not more. It's the favourite topic of conversation among my girlfriends. I'm always looking out for new erotic opportunities, and different ways of getting to explore my own sexuality.'

As she talks to Playboy Mayfair presents

TULA

the top model who was born a man

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MARIO MARNOTO

She has everything thousands of women would kill for: stunning tawny looks, endless legs, a spectacular 36-24-36 inch figure, all of which has brought her fame and no little fortune as an international model. Last year she married a millionaire businessman, and recently, at the age of 35, she was summoned to the United States to discuss modelling as a *Playboy* centrefold. There is only one snag. According to the law, Caroline Cossey — or Tula, to call her by her professional modelling name — is not a *she* but a *he*. Caroline was born in Brooke in Norfolk as *Barry* Cossey, and her birth certificate states clearly that she is male. Despite the fact that she was later found to have more female than male chromosomes, and underwent a sex change operation at London's Charing Cross Hospital in 1974 — as Caroline tells in her autobiography *Tula: I Am a Woman* — she has been unable to have her birth certificate changed. As a result she has no legal rights as a woman. It's part of her fight to assert her femininity that Caroline has decided to resume glamour modelling.

Six feet tall Caroline first took up modelling before her sex change. She had been living and dressing as a woman since the age of 17, when she left home, and was working as a beautician when a choreographer suggested she had the looks and figure for a modelling career. Soon she was appearing on TV commercials, getting walk-on parts in TV shows like *The Two Ronnies* and *Robin's Nest*, and became a hostess on comedian Ted Rogers' top-rating quiz show *3-2-1*. She was also a Page Three girl in the *Sun*, appearing with her younger sister Pam, who followed her into modelling. But the highest point of her early career was a role as a Bond girl in *For Your Eyes Only* with Roger Moore. It was around that time that news of her original gender first hit the newspapers. 'It was as if someone had struck a knife in me,' she said later. 'I thought I would kill myself.' Fortunately she decided that telling the truth was the only solution, and her autobiography followed. 'I feared the worst,' she said, 'but I was surprised at the reaction. A lot of people said they admired me, and I felt more relaxed now it was out in the open.' To her relief her career continued to flourish, and the sex change operation set the seal on a whole new life. 'It made me complete and happy with a perfectly normal sex life,' she said. 'It's just a shame that I wasn't born that way.' Some five years ago, as she told the *Daily Mirror* recently, she began the relationship which finally seemed to offer complete happiness — with millionaire businessman Ellias Fattal, then in his early forties. 'For four years Ellias and I had a wonderful sex life,' Caroline said in the *Sun*. 'He needed to make love at least three times every day. There were moments I thought he was insatiable.' In May 1989 they married with a reception for 300 at London's Savoy Hotel. But disaster followed.

Caroline had told Ellias about her past. She said in the *Mirror*: 'He said he understood everything. He still wanted to marry me; we were going to have children through friends who offered themselves as surrogate mothers'. But Ellias' family did not know. When the news broke in a Sunday newspaper, they were devastated. Caroline explained in the *Sun*: 'The pressure from them was too much for him.' The marriage was annulled. Caroline said in the *Mirror*: 'I received a settlement that cost Ellias less than our wedding reception.' Because she had no legal rights as a woman, she could not object. The blow reinforced Caroline's six-year campaign to change British law on trans-sexuals.

She wants sex changes to be recorded on birth certificates, giving legal rights to those who swap gender, and she has now taken her case to the European Commission on Human Rights in Strasbourg. Meanwhile she is determined to prove that she is all woman — something, which our photographs of her, taken on location in Hawaii, leave in no doubt at all.

JULIA

'My interests include sex, naturally,' confides Julia Gilda, our 23-year old Essex-born centre girl. One look from her large soulful eyes convinces you that this is one seriously sexy lady. It is this interest in all matters sexual which has made Julia a top glamour model, and now she's taking it a step further, and aims to be a glamour photographer. 'You'll soon be seeing my byline appearing all around,' she says.

Julia, always a keen photographer, picked up a lot of tips on techniques through her modelling work. 'Everybody has been very supportive,' says Julia, 'magazine editors, photographers, everybody. My ambition now is to get really well-established as a glamour photographer.' Away from glamour work, 38-23-36 inch Julia has a passion for fine things — desirable motor vehicles, a Ferrari being her current ambition, and expensive antiques. 'I have no particular favourite period or style in antiques,' she says, 'I just love having them around me, and knowing they are there'

Quite apart from her well established modelling career, and her new found glamour photography aspirations, Julia is also planning to branch out in yet another direction — she plans to set herself up as an organiser for charitable events in Leicester, where she now lives, and also nationally. Whichever fortunate charity manages to enrol Julia's considerable charms will find the money just rolls in — after all who could resist the lovely Julia's entreaties? Sweet charity indeed!

MAYFAIR

Girl of the month

JULIA GILDA

MAYFAIR Girl of the month
JULIA GILDA

GINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JEAN ROUGERON

What do you get if you cross an Italian with a Scot? A pasta-loving party animal who sings *Nessun Dorma* like Pavarotti, is extremely niffty with a football and has always left by the time the bar bill arrives? Chauvinist rubbish, of course: what you really get (at least, if you're *very* lucky) is a russet-maned, 36-25-36 inch beauty called Gina McKay. Twenty-two-year-old Gina was born in Glasgow — as her broad burr amply testifies — but her family's roots are buried deep in Rome.

◆ ◆

'I found my loyalties really torn when I was watching the England versus Italy match in the World Cup,' she recalls. 'I was just glad it wasn't Italy versus Scotland!' As a child she spent many holidays in the Eternal City, though the part she remembers had very little to do with the ancient world. 'It was an area that is known as EUR,' she says.

◆ ◆

'Mussolini built it in the Thirties. It was supposed to be the ideal worker's city — all big concrete flats and wide roads. What I remember most was a fantastic permanent funfair called Lunar Park. As a teenager I wasn't allowed to go there on my own, because it was supposed to be the place where boys went to pick up girls!' Nowadays Gina is based in London, where she temps between modelling assignments, and prefers venues like the Wag Club and Spats to funfairs. 'I'm going to have a wild time until I'm 25, then settle down, and have lots of babies,' she grins.

KIRSTEN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD SMITH

She's the latest Page Three sensation, and you saw her here first — 23-year-old Kirsten Imrie made her first ever nude modelling appearance in our pages just over a year ago. Now she is the darling of the Wapping set, and has sadly vowed that her nude modelling days are over. Brought up in Edinburgh, Kirsten (38D-24-34), as one glamour photographer has testified, is one of that select breed of girls who look just as stunning un-made up and natural as they do when they are professionally made up for modelling.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Not only has Wapping embraced the Celtic cutie, Hollywood too has thrown open its gates, luring the lovely Kirsten into a part in a forthcoming Peter O'Toole movie, *The Rainbow Thief*. In the new film, recently previewed in Paris, Kirsten, plays a rainbow girl, though the film's producers are keeping the plot quiet until the film opens in the UK later this year. Similarly being kept quiet is Kirsten's true origins — despite being billed in all the tabloids as a 'Scots sizzler', and initially coming to prominence in the *Daily Record's* 'Flowers of Scotland' competition, she was actually born in Kensington, South West London, and didn't move North of the Border until she was all of one year old.

TRUDY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CECIL LEROY

'Simply the best, better than all the rest,' hums leggy blonde Trudy Lewis as she flicks through the latest copy of *Mayfair*. 'Oh sorry,' she apologises, 'I'm not being big-headed or anything, the words are from a *Tina Turner* song. She happens to be my favourite pop artist of all time. I went to see her in concert recently, and she was just brilliant. I hope I still have legs as fit looking as Tina's when I'm her age,' adds this outgoing 20-year-old from Warwick who works in a Midlands architect's office. 'Luckily I am not deskbound otherwise all that sitting would play havoc with my figure.'

As hard as it may be to believe looking at her lithe 34-22-34 inch figure, Trudy admits she's a food freak, and continually has to watch her weight. 'If it wasn't for my regular bouts of exercise, I dread to think what I'd look like.'

Social eating is her biggest problem. 'I go out with the people from work a lot, and we always usually end up in a local curry house which is bad news after a few beers,' she laughs. Despite her feminine looks, Trudy confesses she acts like a real tomboy drinking pints with her friends and playing guitar in a group. 'I guess I'm just a frustrated girl who wants a bit of attention. That probably explains why I decided to pose in *Mayfair*. I want friends to come up to me and say ''gosh was that really you we saw in the magazine?'''

Trudy hopes her boss will let her pin some of the pictures up on the wall at work. 'I know you'll all think I'm a real show-off now, but I don't mean to be. If you are proud of something I believe you should let people know.' The first ones she told were her parents. 'They think the whole thing is great, and are telling all their friends too, so you'll be guaranteed big sales for this issue.' Should the modelling work flood in after this appearance, Trudy says she may consider leaving her job and signing up with a local agency. 'But that's in the future. For the time being I'm quite content to stay in my job, and go out socialising with my friends. I couldn't give up my late night curries. Well, not just yet anyway.'

[redacted]

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.

Dolly mixture

You'll never know how grateful we are in the USA to obtain your publication. English women are just so more attractive than the Americans. (It's hard to believe that most Americans originated from English stock!) How do you do it?

It was a stroke of brilliance to ship *Mayfair* to North America. The only problem is, we will all want to invade the UK, and your tiny island might sink!

LS, New York

Thanks for the compliment, LS, but we feel bound to point out there are just as many Scots, Welsh, and Irish lasses, not to mention several ethnic communities, making up Mayfair's *heady brew.*

Windscreen whoppers

Living in London, people seem to find some of the most enterprising ways of making money.

One of the current trends seems to be windscreen washing at traffic junctions.

It's a dangerous occupation but if the washers catch motorists on a good day they can make a few pounds.

Not all motorists leave a tip of course, but I was more than willing after a 'through the windscreen encounter' with a pair of what can only be described as 36 double Ds the other day.

Returning home from work, the lights changed to red at the junction of a busy road near Vauxhall, South London.

As I waited patiently, I suddenly heard a wet sloshing sound, and looked up to see my view of the road ahead obliterated by one of the largest pair of breasts I've ever seen pressed up against my windscreen in a haze of suds.

This rousing sight must have lasted for a full minute as the girl stretched out to clean every part of the glass with frantic athletic strokes which also revealed her sexy shaved armpits.

She was wearing a white cotton singlet. The dampness from the previous washes had seeped through the material revealing two of the largest brown nipples I've ever seen.

As she pulled away from the window with a squelch, the imprint of the material faded away until she stood upright, and her breasts began to fill up the material again.

As I wound down the window, the girl shouted, 'Better view sir?' How could I disagree after a display like that, and happily slipped her a pound.

Needless to say I always keep a look out for this girl on my way home, but she's not always there. If she was I think the roads of London, south of the river, would become even more blocked with motorists waiting for the 'breast wash 'n rinse.'

BN, Mitcham

'I met him while I was trading in my car. He had been kept by a little old lady who only used him at weekends . . .'

Going short

I have been buying and enjoying *Mayfair* for many years, and I especially like the way you show your girls with their clothes on as well as in the nude. However, I am disappointed that you do not feature more girls wearing shorts, especially cycling shorts, which are particularly fashionable.

I bought this year's *Girl's of Summer*, feeling certain that there would be girls in shorts inside, but, alas, I could find only one picture of Anita Hunter (on page 117) and four similar, though very pleasant shots of Selina Mills (on pages 158 and 159) clad in a pair of shorts. Please feature more of the same, and I'm sure you'll have a lot more regular readers, including me.

JGW, Birmingham

Jogging memories

Your current Quest series on two-timing reminded me of a very awkward, if highly erotic situation I found myself in recently.

For the past five years I have been living with my girlfriend. She is 35, I am five years older, and we had settled more or less into an old-married couple comfortable sex three or four times a month, which was enjoyable but not exactly earth-shaking.

But all that changed when my girlfriend's sister appeared on the scene. Sally was a late child in her family, and is nearly 16 years younger than my girlfriend. In fact, they are more often taken for mother and daughter than sisters. Since my girlfriend's family come from the south coast we didn't see much of Sally until she took up nursing, and chose a teaching hospital near us. As a result my girlfriend offered Sally our spare bedroom. I remembered her as a skinny 14-year-old in glasses, who hardly said a word. The last thing I expected was a stunning 19-year-old with sensational legs, who just oozed sex appeal.

What made it worse was that I not only found myself fancying her like crazy, but she obviously enjoyed the effect she was having on me, and played up to it whenever she could. Our house is fairly small, and the opportunities for Sally to walk in on me when I was dressing, or 'accidentally' leaving her bedroom door ajar when she was doing the same were frequent.

I would have left it at that, awkward thought it was, but Sally obviously had other ideas.

It all came to a head on Sally's twentieth birthday. It was a Saturday, and in the morning I went for my usual jogging session in the local park, while my girlfriend paid a visit to the hairdresser, before going on a weekly shopping expedition. Sally had the weekend off, and was still asleep when I went out. When I came back, and started to go upstairs for a shower, Sally was in the bathroom with the door wide open. She was dressed in a thin baby doll night dress with matching briefs. When she saw me she grinned, and waited in what I called her 'nymphet' pose. She was standing against the wall with her hands behind her back, one leg raised and resting on the edge of the bath, showing off her long tanned legs, and her transparent pink pants. Her bush was clearly visible against the see-through material.

'Aren't you going to give me a birthday kiss, then?' she asked sweetly, as I reached the top of the stairs.

'Don't be silly,' I snapped, annoyed because she'd got me so aroused.

She realised she'd got me going and started to tease me about being 40 and over the hill, saying she didn't know why I bothered to go jogging at my age, as I was obviously too old and past it.

I told her I wasn't too old to give her a good hiding.

'Go on try it!' she yelled, standing framed in the doorway with her hands on her hips. 'Better men than you have tried.'

I lunged towards her, but she

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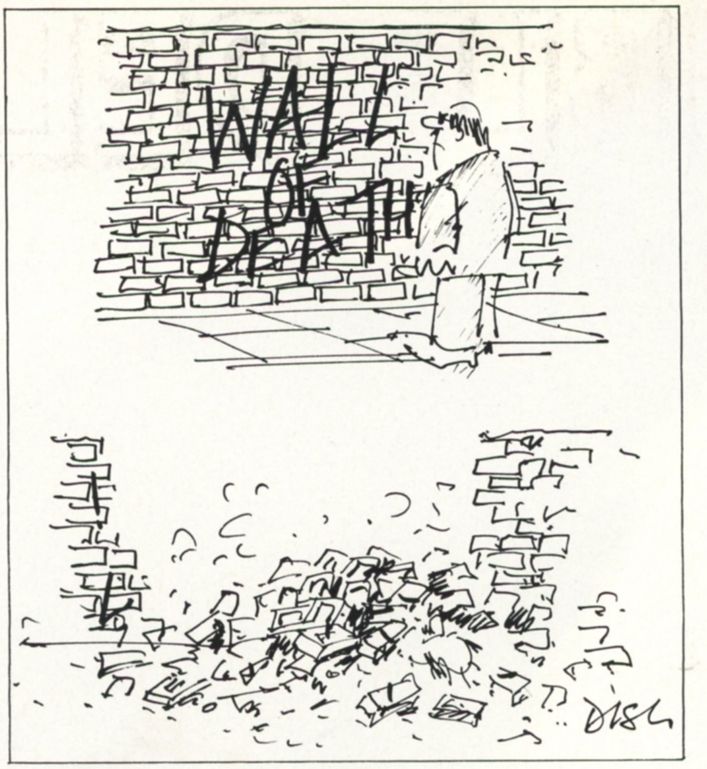
LETTERS

continued from page 6



dodged me, and darted off into my bedroom. I followed and chased her round and round the room, until I caught her, and threw her face down onto the bed, slapping her bottom with one hand, and holding her down with the other.

She suddenly went limp and lay still, panting softly, waiting to see what I would do next. I ran my hand gently over the flimsy material covering her freshly spanked bottom.

'I'm sorry,' I whispered.

'Kiss it better then,' she ordered.

I bent over and pulled her little pink panties down around her knees. She was now kneeling on the floor with her body stretched across the bed, arms extended above her head.

My hands moved up her thighs, softly caressing the smooth skin and my lips followed. As I kissed my way up her legs, she made little gurgling moaning noises and wriggled her bottom against me. My hands moved round underneath her tummy until I could feel the downy softness of her pubic hair. I probed her gently with my middle finger, making her moan and wriggle. I pressed my face down between her legs and pushed my tongue into her.

I flicked my tongue over her clitoris, and she lifted her bottom and ground herself into me. By now my cock was the hardest it had been for a long time, and I stood up, hurriedly removing my track suit and pants. Grasping Sally's hips with both hands, I pressed my throbbing member into her. She gasped and pushed up to meet me, forcing me deep inside of her. Slowly I began to ride her, in and out, and I reached up under her nightie to cup her breasts in my hands. The nipples were like little bullets, and I squeezed the flesh as I nibbled and kissed her. Suddenly her upward thrusting became more urgent, and I felt a violent spasm of her vaginal muscles as she climaxed, arching her back and screaming my name.

As she came, I felt my whole body begin to shake as a shuddering orgasm wracked me and I shot into her. I couldn't believe it — lovemaking had never been that exhausting with her sister. I rolled over and Sally turned to me: 'That will teach me to be a naughty girl, won't it?' she said.

That was almost a year ago, and now it has got to the stage where Sally is waiting for me every Saturday when I get back from jogging, wearing only her baby doll and saying: 'I've been a very naughty girl, I think you will have to punish me again.'

VM Solihull

Hot stuff

I'm glad they don't have a hose pipe ban in operation in the part of the world where Margaret Bailey was photographed in your last excellent issue (Vol 25 No 8).

Summer sets shot in far-off islands are always enjoyable no matter what time of the year they are used. As always one particular shot stands out from the rest. In

turn to page 10

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Stunning Stephanie Bews is a bumper bundle in her own right, shown in Vol 23 No 12. Now she's part of our special £6.00 five-pack offer: Vol 21 No 11, Vol 22 Nos 2,3,4 and Vol 23 No 12.

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LETTERS

continued from page 8

Margaret's case, the picture on page 43 gets my vote.

It's such a simple shot yet the image conveys so much. The contrast between the sensual warmth from Margaret's tanned body and the ice cool clear water running down her slender stomach on to her pubic region is a sexual delight to behold.

It's a picture that will stay in my mind for a long time to come, and would have been worthy of the cover price just on its own.

JP, Folkestone

Sexfam

I think women readers of *Mayfair* would be pleased to know I have found a way to make men happy, and, at the same time, help charity shops. Instead of throwing away my discarded bras and knickers, I wash and iron them, then donate them to various charity shops. Here they are much sought after by men. They love to purchase secondhand lingerie items that have been so near to the female treasure trove.

JM, Hove

Model relationship

I've been dying for some time to tell you how a copy of *Mayfair* led to one of the sexiest evenings I've ever had with my boyfriend.

I've been going out with John (name changed) for two months, and I knew that he was an avid reader before meeting me. I've found many copies lying around his flat, all well thumbed. However when I discovered that he was still buying it when we were going out, I admit I was a bit annoyed. I couldn't see why he wanted to look at other girls if he fancied me. He told me that it was silly to be jealous of girls I hadn't even met. The result was a minor row which ended with me saying I was much better than any of the girls in *Mayfair*, so why didn't he take pictures of me and ogle those instead? To my amazement, he said he thought it was a great idea.

So he got out his camera and told me to go upstairs and change into my sexiest gear. I was still a bit annoyed, so I slapped on enough make-up to repoint a stately home, and enough lipstick to paint a pillar box, then slid into a skimpy bra, brief and suspender set he gave me. On top all I wore was my PVC mac. I came down looking a bigger tart than anything Mr Kipling could bake.

'No, not like that,' he said as I rustled downstairs and started pouting. 'This is meant to be for *Mayfair* not *Fiesta*. Take all that make-up off and put on that evening dress you bought.' So I did. It seems odd now but as I slid into the smooth satin gown and redid my face, getting quite nervous, I really did want John to think that I was as good as your models.

Having changed and put on a more subtle make-up I slithered slinkily down the stairs. My mood had changed too. I wasn't annoyed now. I just wanted to get John really going. I started rather cornily with a few poses leaning forward so that John could shoot my 36 inch cleavage. Then came that traditional shot looking slightly aloof with my hand in my long blonde hair. John clicked away like a geiger counter. This seemed to be a dream come true for him.

Then I started to slide one of the straps of the sleeveless satin dress off my shoulder, inching it down. I must admit I was enjoying myself. Teasing John like this was a lot of fun, and I could see he was beginning to revel in my show. After sliding out of the other shoulder strap, I began to let the dress down. First I held it over my boobs because that's the way I'd seen your girls do it, then let it fall to my waist. The sight of my boobs brought a frenzied bout of clicking from John, and when I cupped my tits and started playing with my nipples, he was clambering on the sofa determined to capture every angle. I must admit that I too was having fun. My nipples were red and full, and every circle around them with my fingertip was having an effect.

Next I shimmied the shiny dress down over my hips and let it fall to the floor so I was standing in just my black silk panties, stockings and suspenders. As I write this, it sounds so contrived, but I can only tell you that the sheer sensuality of slowing undressing for my boyfriend and his camera was fantastic. I felt so rude, so wanton, and so desirable — like I was the only woman in the world. It wasn't long before I got that lovely warm moist feeling downstairs.

John had reloaded his camera and wanted me to go on, but as I rolled one stocking, then the other down, and poked my bum out at him, I knew that I couldn't take much more. I wanted to have him inside me. So his last shots were somewhat out of focus as they showed me approaching him, my hands heading straight for his trousers! I had his zip open in no time, and he was obviously as

turn to page 114

LETTERS

continued from page 10

excited as me. I stroked him a couple of times and rubbed his hardness against the smooth skin on the inside of my thighs. Then I simply slid him inside my moist pussy, and let him ease in and out very slowly. A few seconds later we were both pounding like pistons, and then coming like a Texan oil strike.

But John hadn't finished. As soon as we recovered he took yet more photos of me as I gently fingered my clit, and stroked myself back into moist readiness. He even tried rigging up the remote control so that he could capture his next slow tender screw on film as well. It didn't work, but the fuck was wonderful. The strip-tease and the photography had got us both hotter than ever before.

We carried on cuddling for the rest of the evening. We even got out the latest *Mayfair* and discussed what we wanted to do next. It was my idea to write and tell you about it so we could see our letter in print. I also wanted to send you one of the less rude photos, but John wouldn't let me. He said something about 'not wanting to share me with a million other guys.' I'm not sure I agree, but he has convinced me that *Mayfair* is a good magazine to have even if you live with someone.

Jane, Swansea

Sparks flying

The current off-the-shelf debate fails to take into account one factor that is very important. I know from experience there are thousands of ordinary women who love flirting and turning us guys on for the sake of it.

My experience of women who just love to flirt comes from my job as an electrician. I do a large number of repairs in people's homes, often when there is just a woman there. I am happily married, and am not the slightest bit interested in any sort of affair, but there's no doubt that a woman alone, either because she is single, or her husband is at work, can enjoy trying it on. The 'milkman who pops in for a quickie' might be a cliché, but it has a solid foundation in truth.

Take Mrs B, (name abbreviated) who is a highly respectable middle-aged lady, and wife of the local vet. However, when I came to check the electrics after her washing machine flooded, she answered the door in a low cut almost transparent black nightie that revealed two very full nipples — and this was at 11.30 in the morning! What's more, it was *her* eyes that were undressing me as I stood in the door. The way she said, 'Come in,' sounded more like an invitation to an exotic boudoir than a flooded kitchen. When I tried to ignore her state of undress, she cried in mock outrage, 'Oooh dear, silly me. Do you think I should put some clothes on?' and waited for me to turn round get another eyeful of her large firm boobs.

An isolated case? Far from it! Jenny, a girl in her early thirties, on the new estate was at least fully dressed when I arrived — though in her case that meant jeans that were painted on, and a big teeshirt that fell off her shoulders, and no bra. She wanted a simple job on a light fitting. It took two minutes, and would have taken her husband about the same. However, as I came down my ladder, and flicked the light on, I was rewarded with a huge hug and a kiss that to my amazement included a sharp tongue pushing between my lips, and boobs bobbing against my chest.

Then there's Sheila the Feeler. If you thought it was just men that groped at work, you'd be very much mistaken. She has 'helped me up onto my ladder' with a hand on my bum many a time. She has also suddenly squeezed past me to get something, her hands straying onto the zip of my jeans. I've often wondered what would happen if I said, 'Okay, then, let's go upstairs for a good bonk!' I suspect that she'd scream the house down. It's the chance to arouse strange men that she and the others seem to enjoy. Perhaps they are proving to themselves that they are still desirable.

Other examples are more subtle — fishing for compliments on a new dress, admiring something I'm wearing, or my ability to do the job. It's all harmless fun, and I must admit that I enjoy it. However, I can't help feeling that it is exactly the sort of behaviour which if adopted by men would be labelled 'sexual harrassment'. Moral issues are too complicated and personal for legislation.

(Name and address withheld)

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.

THE GIRLS OF SUMMER ARE BACK

Once again we've pooled our greatest assets to bring you the hottest models, sunniest humour, and brightest fiction and features in a steamy summer special. *Girls of Summer No 4* is on sale in all newsagents priced £2.25, or by sending this coupon. Like the previous three, it's well worth splashing out on.

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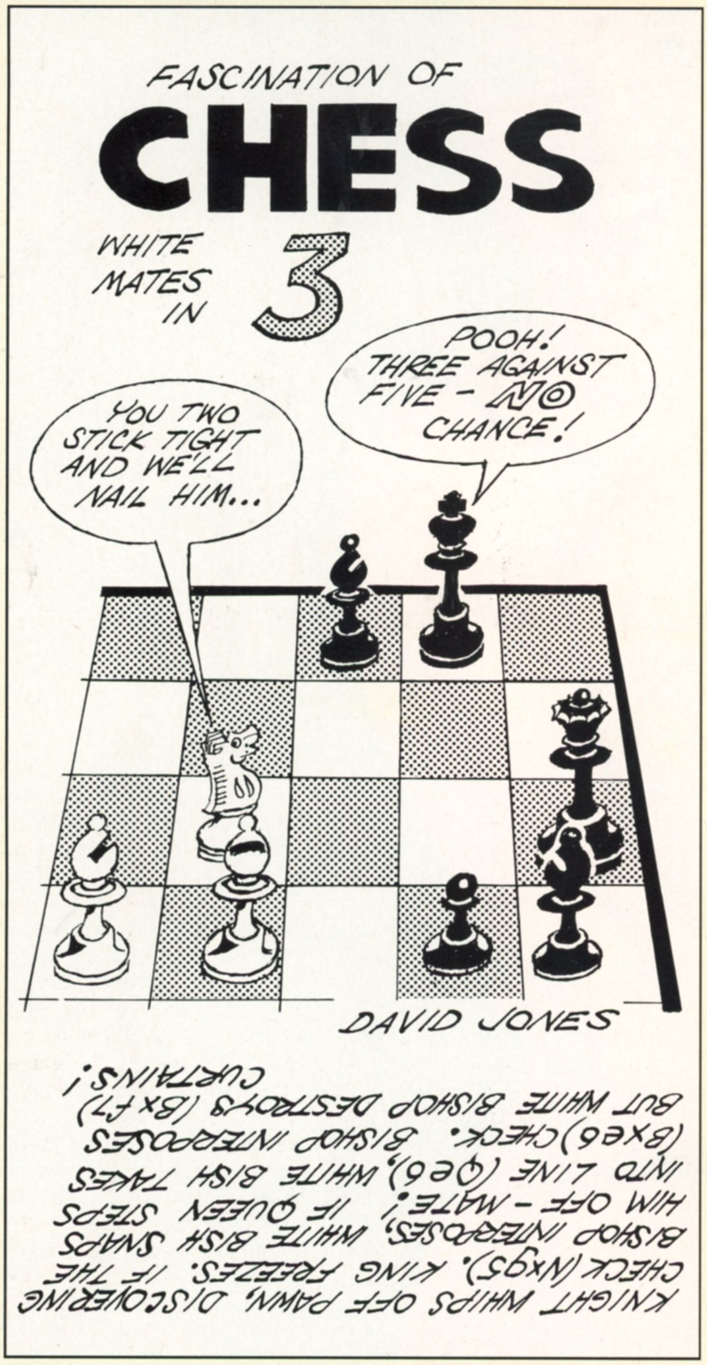
SCENE FROM MAYFAIR


FASCINATION OF
CHESS
WHITE MATES IN 3
YOU TWO STICK TIGHT AND WE'LL NAIL HIM...
POOH! THREE AGAINST FIVE - NO CHANCE!
DAVID JONES
KNIGHT WHIPS OFF PAWN, DISCOVERING CHECK (Nxg5). KING FREEZES: IF THE BISHOP INTERPOSES, WHITE BISH SNAPS HIM OFF - MATE!; IF QUEEN STEPS INTO LINE (Qe6), WHITE BISH TAKES (Bxe6) CHECK. BISHOP INTERPOSES BUT WHITE BISHOP DESTROYS (Bxf7) CURTAINS!

Stiff drink?

However much they may promote beer as being macho, in the main, it can be a bit of a let-down in the bedroom. Brewer's droop is a sad reality, unless, it is claimed, you drink 36, 15, a new lager from France. New 36, 15 claims not only to keep your pecker up with the inebriated bonhomie but also to act as an aphrodisiac. Billed as *La Biere Amoreuse*, the drink gets its strange-sounding name from the French telephone number of the equivalent of Britain's 0898 service, and its reputation from its ingredients. For as well as the usual beer necessities, 36, 15, contains ginseng and mango. The former is said to keep you up till all hours, whilst the mango provides a sweet fruitiness (presumably in every sense of the word). In fact, the concoction tastes rather like lager-and-lime, and dare I say it is actually very refreshing especially served chilled. As for its aphrodisiac properties, we cannot say. The manufacturers claim that at least three quarter-litre bottles of beer are needed before you feel the effect, and they only sent us one! Could it be that they feel *Mayfair* men don't need such stimulants? Or is it the beer's price of £1.60 a bottle? With high costing beer, we reckon, you're more likely to be feeling hard-up by bedtime than hard-on. But 36, 15 does taste pleasant, and is surprisingly strong at 4.9 per cent alcohol. So it might be worth keeping some by the bedside cabinet.

Comic strips

When first we received the video *Bernard Manning Presents the Great British Striptease* (Parkfield £9.99) we hardly dared play the tape for fear that umpteen stone Bernard was one of the less dressed performers but fortunately for potential sales, he keeps his clothes on, and the patter firmly in the Manning mould. But enough of him, what about the girls, you ask? Yes, there are some very attractive ladies dancing and peeling off their panties. There is even a two-girl act. Not exactly the most subtle of erotics, it provides Northern club atmosphere rather than sophisticated sensuality. However if you like your humour rough and your women ready then this is an hour-long treat.

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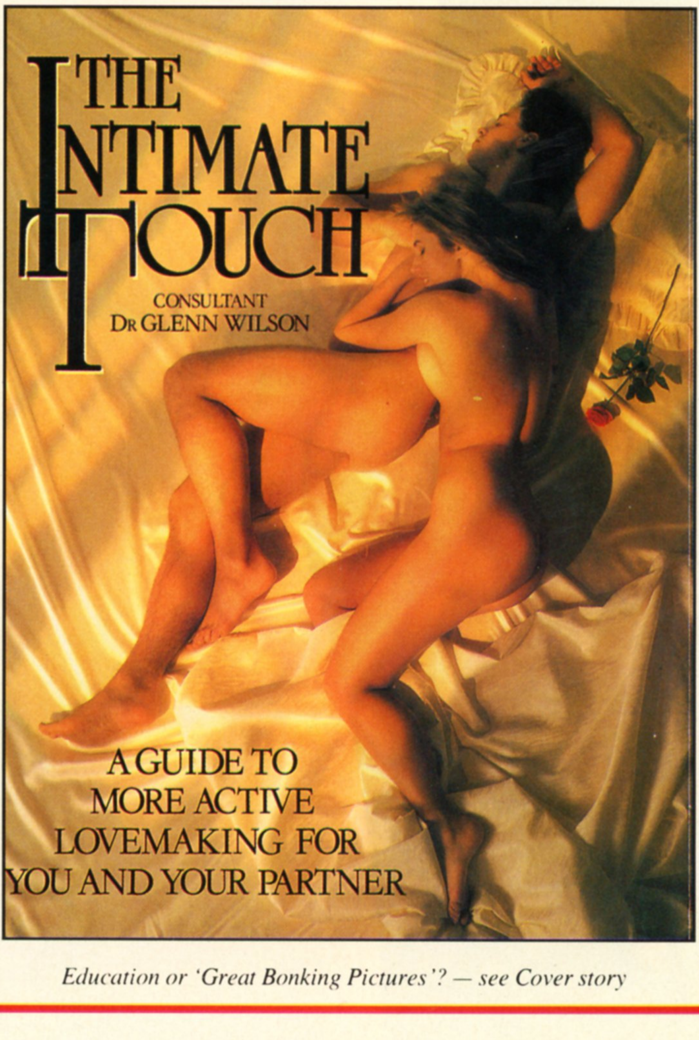

THE INTIMATE TOUCH
CONSULTANT DR GLENN WILSON
A GUIDE TO MORE ACTIVE LOVEMAKING FOR YOU AND YOUR PARTNER

Education or 'Great Bonking Pictures'? — see Cover story

Cover story

Take a look at the picture we reproduce below. A pleasing enough exercise. What does it convey? Sex appeal perhaps? An erotic promise? Yes. Offensive? Not in the least.

Yet this picture reflects all the dilemmas that face publishers as new forms of Puritanism for the Nineties takes hold.

Our picture is the dust jacket of a new, beautifully produced sex manual from top establishment publishers Macdonald.

As a book jacket, the picture is obviously meant to be freely displayed. Yet if *Mayfair* used the same picture as a cover it would almost certainly offend under the Indecent Displays Control Act (because we are not a sex manual — irrespective of what certain strident ladies might maintain).

Next we couldn't even use this picture inside the magazine, unless it was portrayed as a book jacket as it is here. Why? Because, as guidelines to publishers, police and a major newsagent (not W.H. Smith) drew up a list of subjects that could result in prosecution if they appeared in a men's magazine. Naked men and women together were high on this list.

Just to make life more complex, the Claire Shorts of this world would not necessarily object if we used the sex picture — because the act of sexual intercourse is a joint venture, so to speak, between men and women, and is not a man exploiting a woman.

Finally, both this book and *Aphrodisiacs*, from Paul Hamlyn (see Book Society page 74) contain inside some very erotic full colour drawings (and photos) of what sex manuals term 'sexual positions'. In short — bonking pictures.

Everyone in publishing knows that if each of these manuals put on the cover nothing more than 'Great Bonking Pictures' they'd go like a bomb.

Unfortunately, this would blow apart the delicate network of etiquette and mystification that surrounds these complex issues. We hope to offer *The Intimate Touch* in our Book Society, but if you can't wait to see Great Bonking Pictures (ahem, sorry we mean of course: 'How to learn to do It better') it's published by Macdonald Illustrated at £13.95.

The conquistadors named the River Amazon after fierce female indian warriors who gave them a hard time in 1542. Read all about them in *Women Warlords* by Tim Newark (Blandford Press, £14.95)

Cricket cracks

Cricketers never seem stumped for a good story and in **'Owzat! — true stories from the world's best cricketers'** *(Angus & Robertson, £5.99 hardback)* Henry Blofeld reminds us of some of the best, including Brian Johnston's famous comment 'Bowler's Holding, Batsman's Willey'!

He also comes up with some that are new to us.

Brian Johnston apparently, in describing the bottom-protruding stance of Hampshire's Henry Horton, wanted to say that he reminded him of someone sitting on a shooting stick. Comments Blofeld laconically, 'He had three goes at it and got it wrong each time.'

Then there was the occasion when a little dachshund ran out on the pitch at Headingley and Brian said: 'He's a splendid little chap wagging his tail like mad. And I can tell you he's a fast bowler because he's got four short legs and his balls swing both ways.'

A neat true story comes from former Test fast bowler, Frank Tyson. In his own words:

'I go back to the 1950s and the days when my side, Northamptonshire, usually played Derbyshire away on the Racecourse ground in the county town. I can say unequivocally that while racehorses might have found Derby hospitable, I did not.

'The greatest enjoyment one obtained from a game at Derby was getting off the field to luxuriate in the hot water of one of the enormous antique bathtubs.

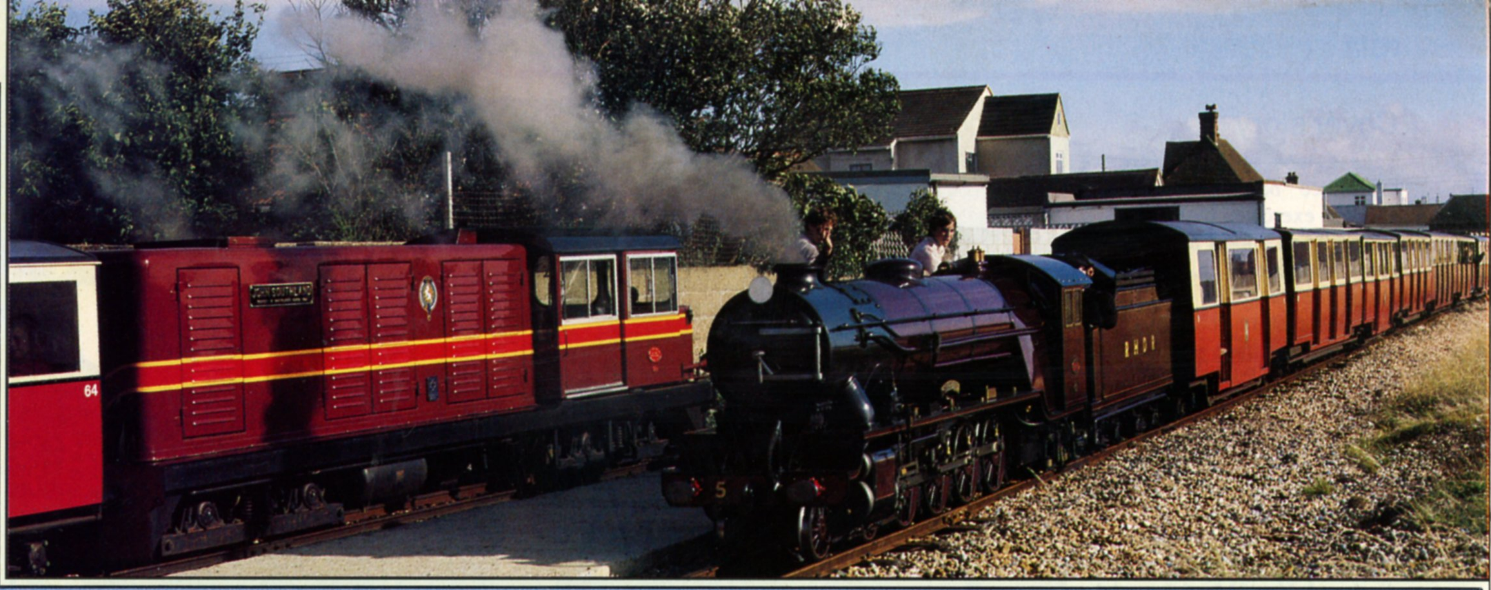
'After one typically frigid and unsuccessful day chasing the leather, I was soaking the old bones when the practical joker of the Northants team, roly-poly Yorkshireman, Des Barrick, entered the bathroom and without a word of warning poured a whole bucket full of of ice-cold water over my head!

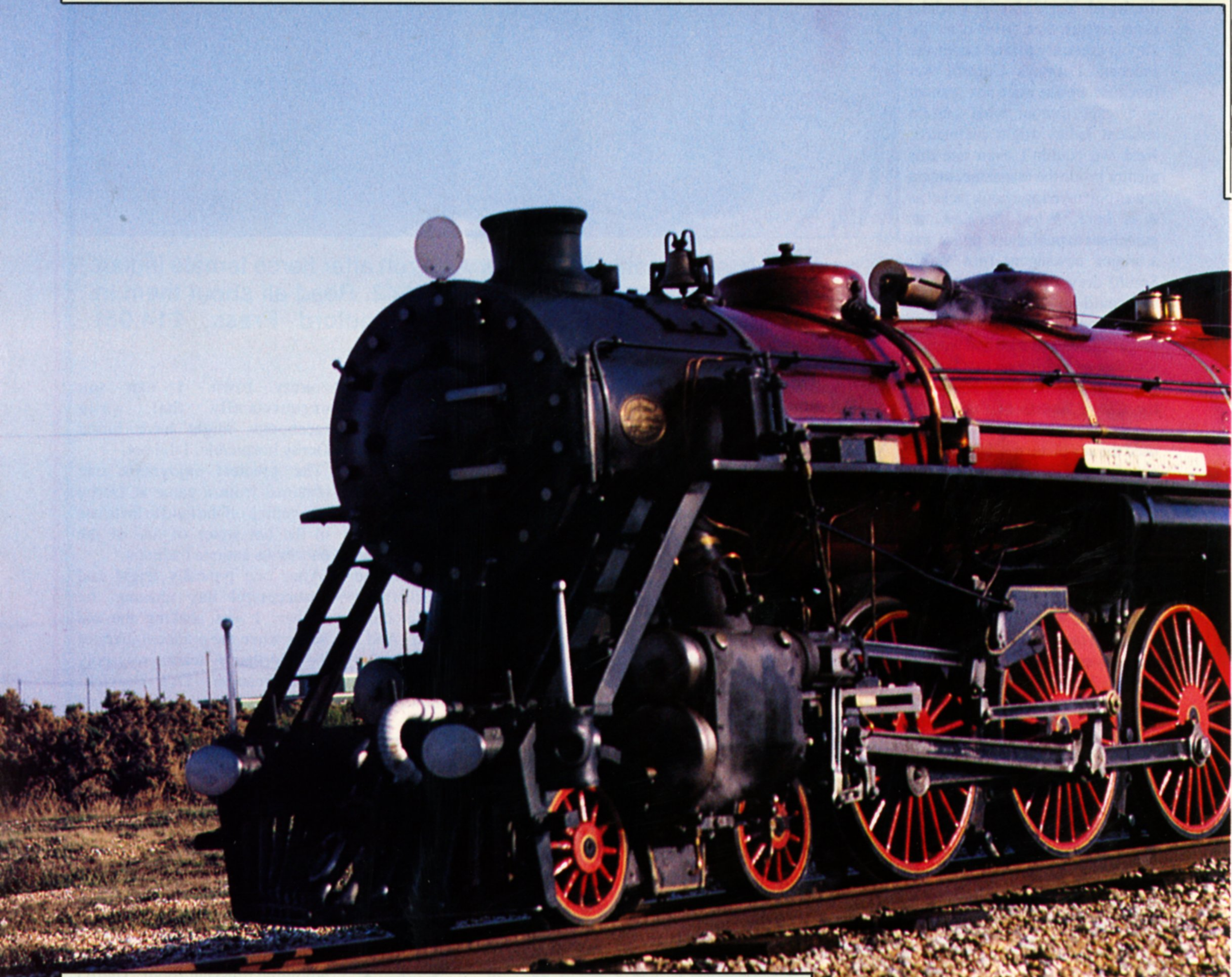
'Like most fast-bowlers, my strongest asset was my power of self-control and I restrained my immediate reaction to thump Barrick between the eyes. I waited until I was reheated, when I rose from my bath, dried myself and, armed with a retaliatory bucket of icy water, marched into the adjoining dressing room. There I proceeded to pour the contents of the bucket over Des's head — quite a sneaky trick, since he was now fully clothed!

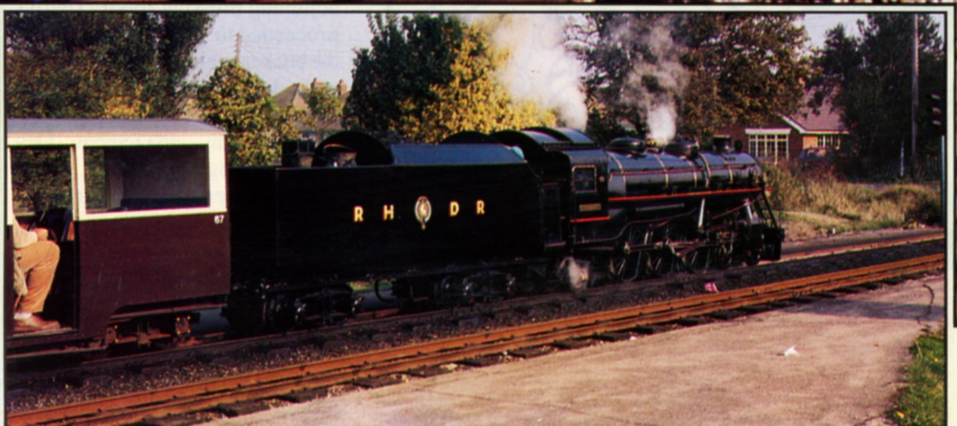
'Much to my amazement, Des burst out laughing!

'"I've got news for thee, Frank," he said. "I've just put your clothes on!"'

'He had too!'







Main picture: the 4-6-2 Pacific class Winston Churchill *leaving Dungeness. This page, top left:* Hercules *passes the diesel loco* John Southland. *Top right: a new view of* Winston Churchill. *Bottom left: the 1931* Dr Syn *leaves Dymchurch for Hythe. Far right:* Green Goddess, *based on H N Gresley's famous locomotives.*

For the past 60 years, a unique 15 inch gauge miniature railway has run across Kent's Romney Marsh, haunt of the notorious fictional smuggler, Dr Syn

THE GAUGES OF SYN

Photographed by Hugh Nightingale

For 14 miles, over the flat, green, dyke-riven meadows of Romney Marsh — lonely haunt of Merino sheep and Dr Syn, Kent's notorious, fictional, 18th century smuggler — runs one of Britain's longest-lived and best-loved miniature railways. With a gauge of just 15 inches — approximately one quarter fullsize — the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Railway just misses the Narrow Gauge label, yet its one third size steam and diesel locomotives allow it to function as a practical passenger-carrying service, regularly hauling 10-carriage trains and sometimes over 200 passengers at speeds up to 25 mph.

When the railway opened, in July 1927, it was primarily intended to be a tourist service, linking Hythe and New Romney, which, at that time, were both served by Southern Railway branch lines. It was the brainchild of two 15-inch gauge enthusiasts, John Howey, and Polish-born Count Zborowski. The line was engineered by Henry Greenly, who also designed its first two locomotives, *Green Goddess* and *Northern Chief*, which were based on H N Gresley's famous A1/A3 class locos — the most famous being the *Flying Scotsman*.

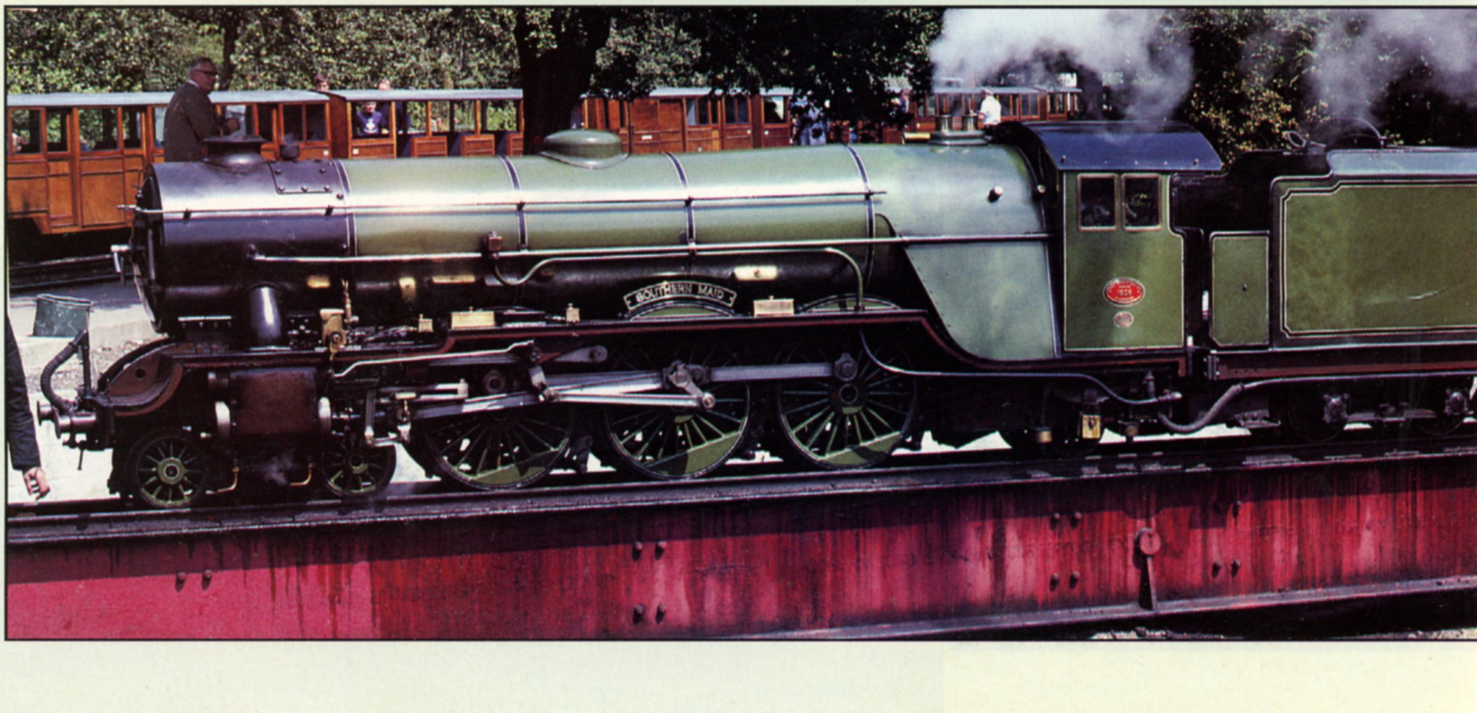
More locomotives swiftly followed: similar 4-6-2 Pacific class engines, *Southern Maid*, *Hurricane* and *Typhoon*; two 4-8-2 locos,

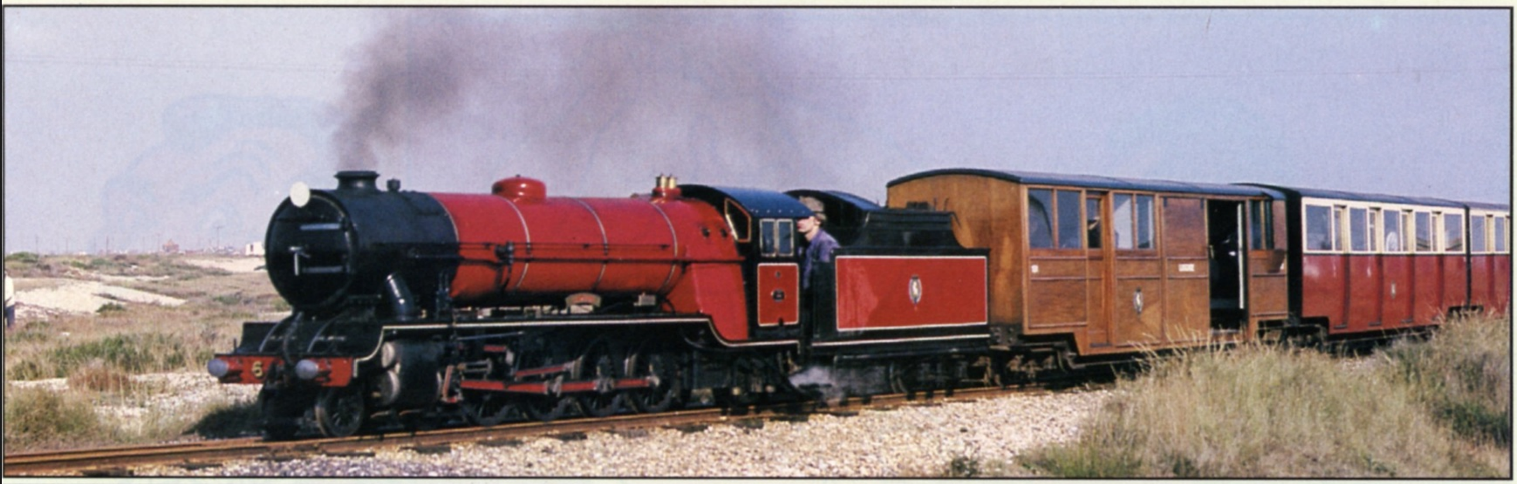
Hercules and *Samson* — both originally designed for freight traffic, but reassigned to passenger use when the freight failed to materialise; and the more workmanlike, *The Bug*, an 0-4-0 tank engine from Krauss of Munich.

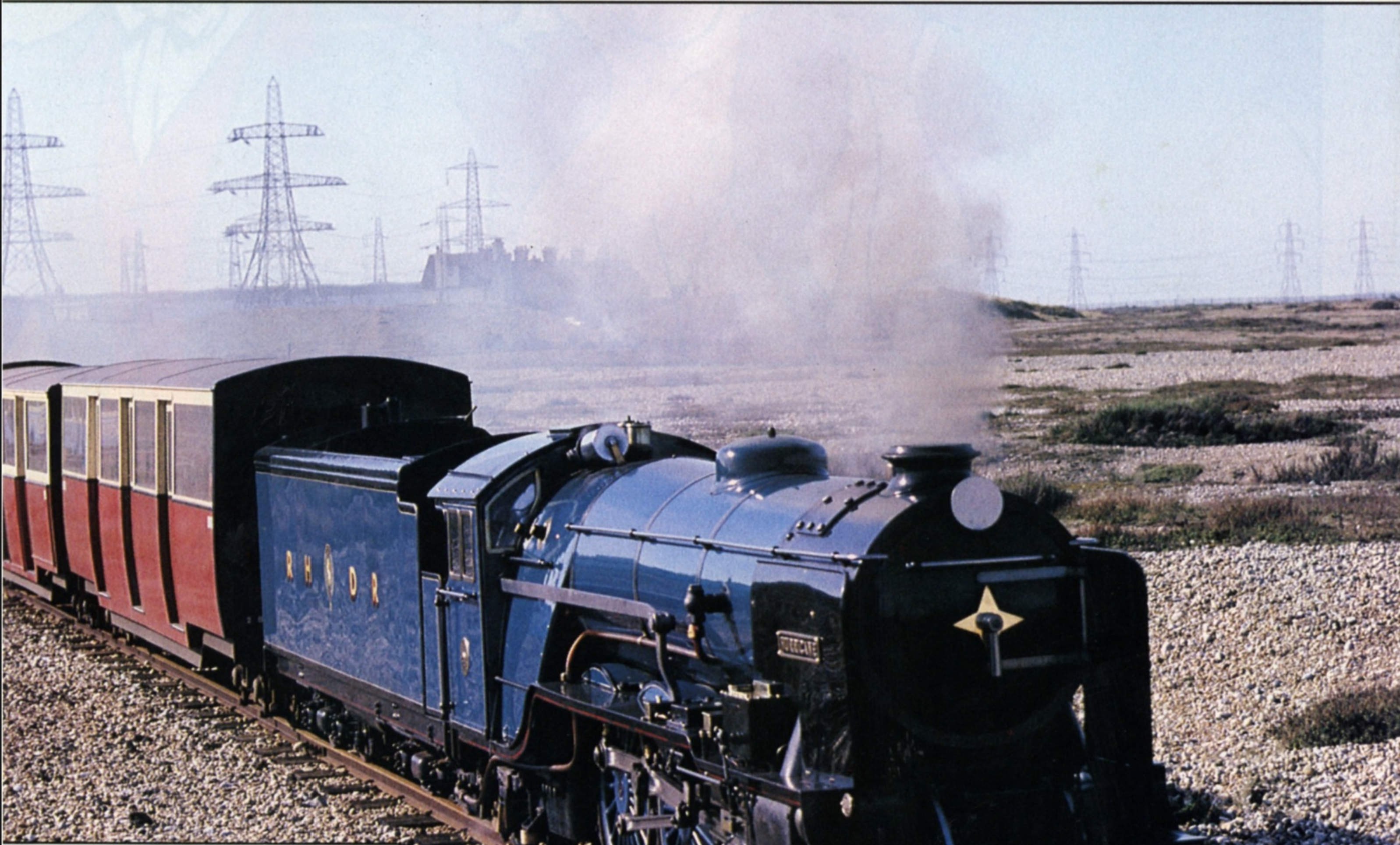
By 1928, the line had been extended from New Romney to the tip of the shingle promontory of Dungeness, where its double track ended in a loop in the shadows of fishermen's huts and Dungeness lighthouse. Today that bleak outlook is over-shadowed by two nuclear power stations.

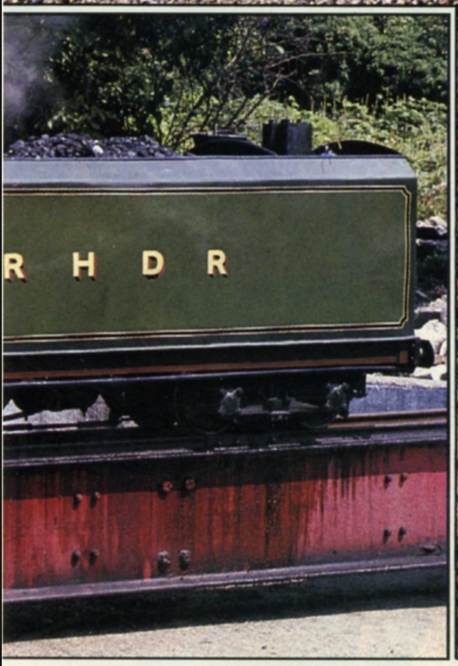
The Thirties brought engines nine and ten, *Winston Churchill* and *Dr Syn*, both 4-6-2's, built in the North American style with 'cow catchers' up front. The last steam loco, *Black Prince*, a 1937 Krupp engine, allegedly owned by Herman Goering, was acquired in 1976. *John Southland*, a diesel, was built in 1983 to cope with a new market — ferrying schoolchildren in and out of New Romney.

Of its founders, Count Zborowski never saw the railway in operation; he was killed during the Italian Grand Prix at Monza in 1924. John Howey died in 1963. His brief to Henry Greenly was, 'Build it to last for 40 years.' Having recently celebrated its Diamond Jubilee, and now owned by a group led by W H McAlpine, the future of the R H and D R, and one of Britain's favourite small railways, seems assured.

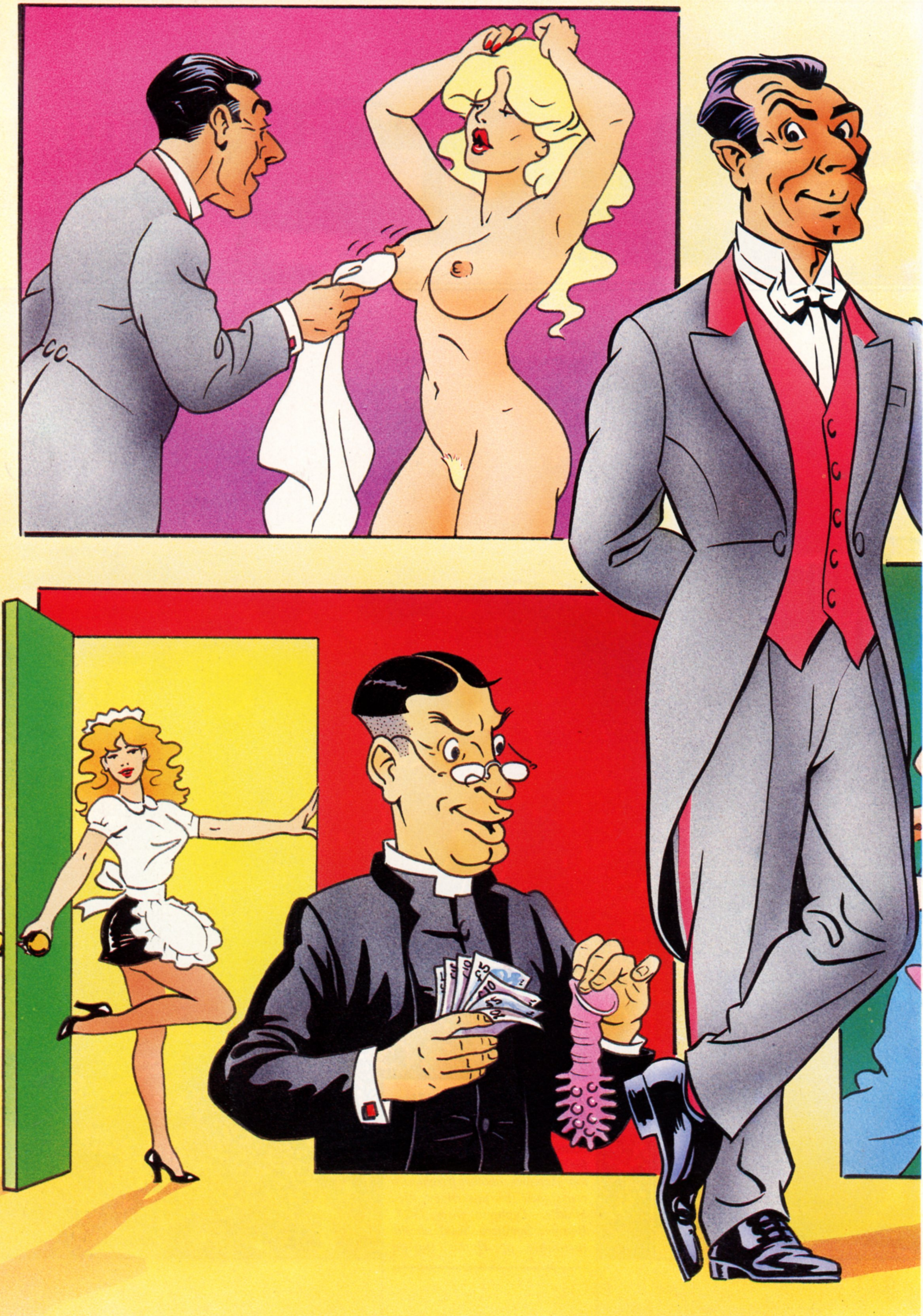


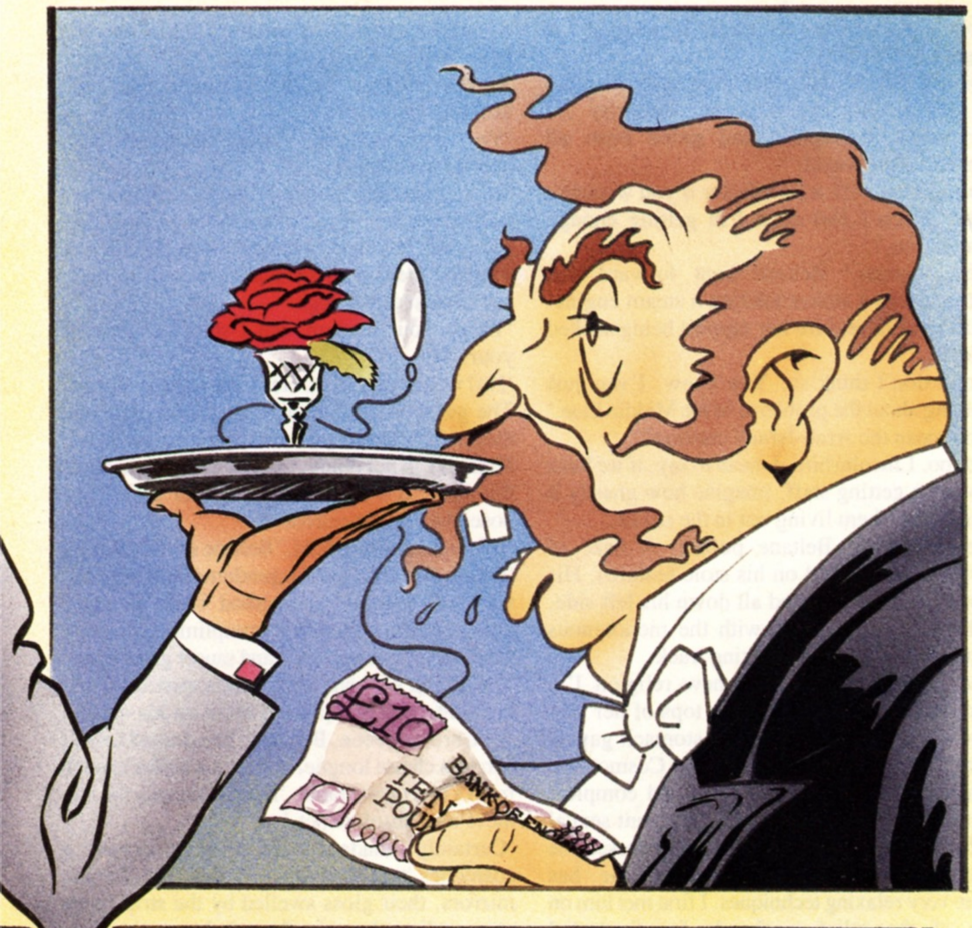






Immediately above: the 1927 loco Hurricane *rounds Dungeness loop. Top: dating from the same year,* Samson *was originally designed for freight traffic. Facing page, top:* Hercules, *another freight loco reassigned to passenger use. Middle:* Typhoon *from 1927. Bottom:* Southern Maid *on the turntable at Hythe station*





Beltane the butler made sure his employer got the good service she demanded, and now her friend, Lady Davina, and the new downstairs maid were all seeking his attentions. But could he keep it up?

BELTANE'S FIRST STAND

Fiction
by
Dave Fountain

Beltane the butler crossed the kitchen, opened the refrigerator door, and used delicate tongs to lift out a pair of black French knickers, and place them on a salver. He set a single rose in a liqueur glass beside them and, with the tray poised beside his face, cruised up the stairs.

His employer, Lady Arabella Dique-Pleaza, was under the shower as he entered the lush undergrowth of her boudoir. Through the steam he could see her lithe pink body as she turned within the cabinet, the deep crease of her posterior, and, brief flash of dark pubic hair and dribbling nipples. He placed the tray on a marble-topped table, lifted his hand with a flourish, and cleared his throat.

'I have brought up your underwear, madam,' he announced.

The gush of water ceased, and she walked naked out into the centre of the room, arms reaching to dry her hair on a monogrammed towel.

'Thank you Beltane,' she said. 'Must look one's best for this evening. I'm having the new Bible basher in for drinkies. It's a terrible bore, I know, but one has to do these things.'

Beltane compared the lengths of shirt cuff extending from his sleeves. One *might* be a millimetre longer than the other. He would have to take the laundress to task. That meant another nude spanking session with the loofah and low fat margarine.

'Dry me off, will you?' Arabella said, throwing the fluffy towel into his face. 'And start at the front. Last time you took me by surprise and I finished up with a wet backside.'

'Yes, I'm sorry about that, madam, but the suspenders overwhelmed me.'

He began, gently dabbing the drops of moisture off her warmly scented skin, studiously massaging all the little mounds and dips, every

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBIN BOUTELLE

smooth curve and pleasantly proportioned bulge. She stretched her arms above her head, pulling up her breasts and relaxing the sides of her thighs, and sighed.

'Shall I tell the chauffeur to come round?' Beltane asked.

'God, don't tell me he's blotto again.'

'Afraid so, madam. He claims it's the fumes from the unleaded petrol.'

'Oh, this really isn't good enough. I pay the man decent wages, give him a uniform and a roof over his head. What more does he want from me?'

'Pardon my presumption,' Beltane answered delicately, 'but I believe there was some reference to peanut butter and a Minnie Mouse costume.'

'What again? Great balls of spit, Beltane. What does one have to do to keep decent servants these days?'

The elegant lackey leaned back with an expert's eye as he polished the follicles on her nipples.

'Yes, madam, but I understand it is the market rate. You will find all the other ladies of quality regularly do a full page spread, or the staff simply go elsewhere. It's the price we pay for living in an entrepreneurial society.'

'You mean in communist countries the wealthy don't have to perform for their underlings.'

'I take it you are refering to Albania, madam. Even there, I believe, ladies of a — how shall I put it? — more adventurous disposition do, on occasion, go for a bit of rough. Just part your legs would you so I can get the towel in. There. Did you want it blow dried at all, only my asthma is a little troublesome today?'

'Just a massage. I'm in a deuce of a hurry.'

'Very good. Hallee-hup.'

'I never realised you were so cosmopolitan, Beltane,' Lady Arabella said, wet blonde curls clinging to her throat and shoulders. Beltane rubbed vigorously, the flesh lapping at his fingers.

'Oh, yes, indeed. My grandfather was a member of parliament. He was an authority on perversion, corruption and greed from all corners of the world.'

'Fascinating. Ah, a little faster if you wouldn't mind. I don't feel as if I'm getting enough stimulation.'

'Yes, madam.' Beltane bent forward and pistoned like a stoker feeding a steam engine. 'Will madam require her nipples being sucked today?'

'No, I don't think so. You know, I was just thinking about the problems in the Middle East.'

'You mean the Arab-Israeli conflict?'

'No, no. Lincolnshire. I mean to say, if *we* have problems getting staff, imagine how ghastly it must be for them living out in the sticks.'

'Yes, madam,' Beltane puffed. A haze of perspiration glowed on his stoic features. His shoulder muscles ached all down his left side, and his elbow creaked with the monotonous regularity of a reggae backing track.

'Did I tell you about the new religion I'm studying?' Lady A asked, the tops of her legs flushing as her gently domed stomach gave a twitch. 'It was started by Maharishi Cosmos. He believes the totality of oneness and complete karma can only be attained by constant sexual fulfilment. He claims to be able to forsee the future in one's orgasmic juices. He has some *very* relaxing techniques. I first met him on one of the relief weekends for frustrated plumbers that we hold while my husband is away, curiously enough. Ah, you may stop now Beltane. One has come.'

He stood and wiped his face on the towel. 'Thank you, madam,' he croaked.

Arabella twirled away, and bent double to examine a pair of pink stilettoes. The Reverend Moon smiled broadly at him.

'Glad to be of service,' Beltane said. 'I trust I was satisfactory.'

'Very nice, Beltane. I'll tell the master how helpful you've been.'

She stepped into a body-hugging red dress that pushed her bosom out in wobbling humps, then removed 'la knickers froide' from the tray and dragged them with sensual slowness up long, superbly sculpted legs.

'Thank you, madam, but I shouldn't trouble yourself.'

'No? Oh, as you wish. Here, zip me up will you? The guests should be arriving about eight and they'll be as sore as a monk's bottom on Barrel Night if I'm not ready. God, what can I do about this hair? It's an absolute disaster area!' She posed before the mirror.

'If I might make so bold,' Beltane said demurely, 'I think you will find the gentlemen are beguiled with the shaggy, just-bathed look. It has a knowing innocence that compliments exactly your juicy, pouting mouth and saucer green eyes.'

'You think so?' she asked, then turned, kissed her fingertips and planted them on his crotch. 'You are a sweetie, Beltane.' She draped herself across a chaise longue, and took a coffee crunch from a box on the table. 'Do my toenails for me, there's an absolute pet.'

'Certainly, madam.' He wheeled across a cosmetics tray and opened the lid. Shining mirrors, their gloss swelled by the strip lights surrounding them, reflected the cupid body stretched magnificently along the couch. In the tray were a variety of coloured varnishes, brushes, lipsticks and toners. 'What shade would you prefer?'

She lifted the chocolate over her mouth in pincer fingernails, then dropped it to the back of her throat, closed her eyes and moaned, one leg riding up and down the other.

'What do we have in red?' she asked, the rich chocolate juice lubricating her lips.

Beltane consulted the tray. 'There's Apple, Pillar Box, Sunset, Scarlet Surprise, and Inflamed Foreskin.'

'Oh, I feel absolutely abandoned this evening,' Lady Arabella said. 'Let's have one of each.'

'As you say madam.'

He unscrewed the row of bottles and began painting with meticulous care the gorgeously manicured toenails. The fumes eddied from the containers, and made his head spin, a sensation, he had to admit, that was not totally devoid of satisfaction.

'Who are we expecting this evening, Beltane?' her ladyship said.

'You mean, apart from the new Rector, the Reverend Stalk?' he replied. 'We are also expecting Lady Davina Gorge and Sir Montmorency Ballstroke.'

'God, not that old voyeur. Why on earth did I invite him?'

'I believe madam said it was for comic relief.'

'Hmm,' she mused, spiking a lime cordial. 'It's about the only relief he will provide, if past experience is anything to go by. Tell me, Beltane, just as a point of social etiquette — how should one address a virgin?'

He created another perfect curve in acetone enamel then remarked. 'Unfortunate, I think, madam.'

At seven forty five the doorbell chimed and the guests arrived. Beltane stood in the hallway, graciously taking hats and coats. The Rector had

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'We joined because I was sick and tired of waiting for my wife to get dressed.'

Beltane's First Stand

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gone through into the reception room when Sir Montmorency blustered through the door.

'Good evening sir,' Beltane said to the stout, buck-toothed man with the features of a twisted weasel. He unwrapped the scarf from his neck and removed his gloves, stamping his feet.

'Beltane, you raggy old bastard,' he quipped, and clumped the stoic butler on the shoulder. 'How's your belly off for spots, eh what? Aha, ha ha.'

'Thank you sir, they have cleared up nicely,' Beltane answered. 'May I in turn be so bold as to ask about the pustular warts you were suffering around your genital area? They have passed off, I hope?'

Sir Montmorency coughed loudly, glancing over his shoulder.

'Yes, yes — Here. Take this ten pound note.'

'Why thank you sir. This is unexpected.'

'I say, there's no need to mention the other business, if you know what I mean.' He attempted a wink, and his monocle popped out of his eye, bounced off his floral waistcoat, and hit the floor.

'I think you'll find it has rolled under the commode chair, sir,' Beltane advised, extracting the ten pound note.

'Blast,' Montmorency said. 'I can't tell duck from custard without it. You sure it went this way?'

'I watched it myself, sir. Do try not to disturb the contents of the commode if you would be so kind.'

Montmorency's nose creased, like a Rasta offered Catholic herbal cigarettes. 'You mean it's full?'

'Yes,' Beltane said. 'The legend is that King Henry II was sitting on that very podium when they brought him the head of Thomas a Becket, and he had consumed an especially heavy lunch that day. The seat has not been lifted since.'

Montmorency's nostrils flared. 'I think I can survive without it just this once.' he said.

Lady Davina Gorge stepped across the parquet, smoky stiletto heels tonking on varnished wood, the straps of her shoes grooving the sheer diamante of her stockings. Her face was a heart shape surrounded by a frenzy of auburn hair. Foxhead furs were thrown about her shoulders, her bosom pushed up by slinky satin like so much scented marshmallow, with the rounded stubs of her nipples pressing from their centres — ecstacy in Braille.

She grasped Beltane by the shoulders and plunged her lips fully onto his. The perfume of her body rose in a warm haze. Beltane, assailed by all these stimuli, almost suffered an erection, but, realising it would spoil the cut of his trousers, quelled the feeling, and thought of a singularly unpleasant wetfish salad he had once been served in Weymouth.

'Dear, dear Beltane,' she purred, breaking away. 'How simply wonderful to see you again. I do hope you haven't filled up your card for this evening.'

'Pardon me, my lady,' the butler answered, running pinkies down his tails, 'but there is no dancing tonight.'

'That isn't what I meant,' she said, and avenging butterfly lashes swept over her eyes. Beltane allowed a short smile to deform his face.

'One always does one's best to satisfy.'

'Oh, Beltane's always ready to suck up to the ladies,' Montmorency sneered.

'That's how he got rid of his protruding ears.'

'Pardon me, sir,' Beltane said, 'but was it the gelloids or the pessaries you found most effective?'

Spluttering, Montmorency passed him another note. 'Thank you sir. Do go through. The Rector has already arrived.'

'Hell's teeth, not the God squad! All cassocks and good intentions, what? These jumped up missionaries give me the willies.'

Davina's eyes swept up and down Montmorency's corpulent form. 'I'm glad something does. Personally I'm an utter sloven for a man in uniform. I have an orgasm just watching British Rail stewards unwrapping the cling film from sandwiches. It's so wet and . . . membraneous. Oooh!' Her knees met as a tremble ran up her torso.

'My God, Davina,' Montmorency said. 'You're an utter pervert.'

Davina curled an arm around his neck, leaned into his straining stomach, and lightly gripped his crotch.

'I like my men . . . HARD!' she growled into his ear, squeezing his stiff tweed. Montmorency blanched.

'Copulatory Hades,' Beltane thought.

'Tell me Rector,' Lady Arabella was asking. 'What's your stance on cunnilingus?'

The cleric's bauble face flawed itself with a smile. 'You must excuse me, your ladyship,' he said apologetically, 'But my Latin is a little rusty.'

She held the Cointreau between her fingertips. 'Well, lingus comes from the tongue,' she told him, 'and cunni comes from . . . ah, Davina. You're looking wonderful.'

'Thank you, darling,' Davina said, crossing and kissing her on the cheek. Montmorency followed, a yappy Shitshu padding in his wake. 'Arabella sweetheart, as you see, I've got Monty with me. A real haemorrhoid, I know, but, then, you invited him.'

'You all know the Rector from last Sunday's sermon on sex amongst the lower classes,' Arabella announced, 'and how best to watch it.' The Rector stood and took his imaginary ovation. Davina and Montmorency assumed leisurely positions amongst the cushions, and were provided with drinks from the hostess trolley that Beltane wheeled expertly between the suits of armour and jade statues of nudes.

The conversation had just reached the high point of a discussion concerning the missionary's position in the sex education of the Dominican Republic, which Davina and Arabella mistook for something else, when all the lights inexplicably went out.

The Rector screamed, and dropped his cherry gateau. Montmorency said: 'By George!' as a ripping noise tore the air. There followed a series of pulsating squelches, accompanied by the ladies Arabella and Davina moaning in turn, and the clatter of spread cork heels on obsidian table tops. Arabella groaned in some delirium.

Candlelight flared. It revealed Arabella spreadeagled on the couch, buttocks in the air. Something unseen was slurping noisily at her nether regions. 'God what exquisite suction!' she gasped. It was just like the wet dreams she had about Mick Jagger. 'Oh, Beltane, you really shouldn't have.'

The butler took the lighted candle from his teeth, and replaced the fuse in its socket.

'I haven't madam,' he said.

The lights came up, and revealed an individual not dissimilar to a plumber, vigorously pressing plungers under the two ladies' skirts.

'Good God,' Montmorency said. 'What the devil's going on?'

The plumber paused, stood upright, then dropped the plungers back in his sack. He looked shamefaced as Beltane offered him a napkin.

'Ah, is this a bad time?' he asked.

'What do you think you're doing, man?' Montmorency blustered.

'Pardon my presumption, sir,' Beltane said, 'but I believe there has been some misunderstanding. What date does the gentleman have in his diary?'

The visitor fished a dog-eared manual from his pocket, at the same time rezipping his industrial overalls.

'It's the fifteenth, ain't it?' he said. Beltane smiled understandingly as he consulted her ladyship's appointment book.

'Forgive me, sir, but today is the fourteenth. I'm afraid you have come too early.'

'Gawd,' the plumber said. 'Story of my life.' He doffed his cap. 'My apologies all round, ladies and gents. You must think I'm a right plonker.'

Arabella sighed as she lowered her legs, and wiped the tears from her eyes.

'Why don't you let us judge for ourselves?' she purred. 'Beltane, help the gentleman off with his undergarments.'

'No, no,' the plumber responded in an alarmed manner. 'I couldn't lady, really. It's the flags of

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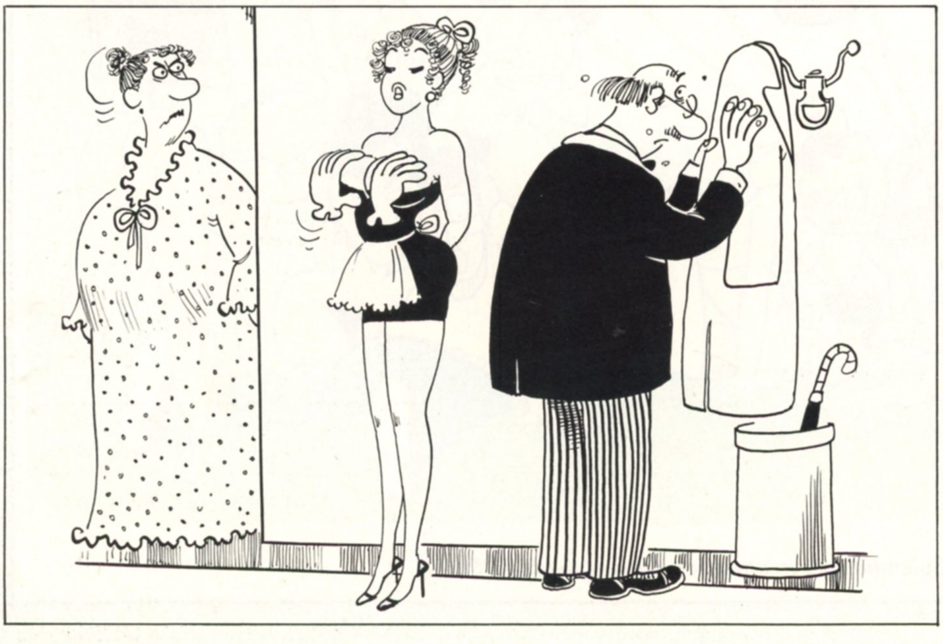

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Beltane's First Stand

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many nations tattoo, y'see. I had them done when I was a lanyard puller in the Merchant Navy, but now I'm sort of shy about showing them off. If you don't mind.'

And he twisted on his hobnailed clogs, grabbed the open bottle of Bollinger that Montmorency was stuffing into his face, and hotfooted it through the open French windows.

'Bloody cheek!' Montmorency exploded. 'The proletarian bastard's nicked my fizz. I'm not standing for that.'

Unsheathing a broadsword from the heraldic display above the fireplace, he raised it over his head, and charged out into the night, with revenge etched into his face.

'Well, well,' the Rector remarked, rotating his dog collar. 'Almost an orgy, I think. I really wasn't expecting such goings on, Lady Arabella.'

Arabella smiled demurely. 'I'm so sorry if we have shocked you, Rector,' she said. 'but life gets so drab out here in the country we have to perk things up a bit.'

'Oh, I'm not shocked,' he returned, manipulating his trousers about the snooker cue that was levitating between his thighs. 'It's just that I didn't come prepared. I left the chains and whips in the vestry with the choirboys' vestments.'

Davina shared a champagne glance with Arabella.

'Rah, rah,' Davina said. 'There's fire and brimstone left in the church, after all.'

'Oh, indeed,' the Rector responded. 'We're not all fuddy duddies into walnut cakes and cream teas. Mind you, it's not often that anybody comes across with the goods. Most of these little old ladies are just prick teasers with a warped sense of humour.'

He smiled, a cherub mooning out of a bus window. Arabella ground her knees together and stood.

'Beltane, I think I'll show the Rector the upstairs quarters,' she said, her voice fluttering a little, the butler thought. 'Perhaps you'd like to join us, Davina. After all, you're an expert on the study of bedroom ceilings.'

'Mmm. And floors, darling. And floors. It would be an utter pleasure.'

'Give us two minutes to. . . prepare things, Rector, then come up, if you know what I mean,' Arabella cooed, running her finges around the vicar's cheeks. The two ladies swept up the staircase with the elegance of gazelles climbing a cliff face. The Rector cuffed the dribble from his lips.

Beltane wheeled the trolley across to him, cleared his throat deferentially, and pushed a hidden button. A flap fell open and a tray rolled out.

'Will your Reverence be requiring any accoutrements?' he asked. 'We have jellies, creams, straight, ribbed and spiky condoms in a variety of colours, plus 3D glasses and a video transcription service.'

The Rector perused the array thoughtfully and chose a selection of Black Stallions, Multi-purpose Joyriders, and Super-oral Duralites. The total came to thirty five guineas.

'Thank you, sir,' Beltane said, taking the rubbers. 'If sir would wait for a few moments, I'll have them ironed.'

'Ah, no need, no need,' the Rector smiled. 'I fear the rubber objects will be stretched out of all proportion within such a short time it hardly seems worth the effort, kind thought though it is.'

Beltane bowed faintly. 'My pleasure, sir.'

'No, *mine*, dear fellow,' the Rector beamed, pocketing the condoms. 'Mine, entirely — unless, of course, you're joining us?'

'Alas, no, sir. Even in these egalitarian times, I feel a servant should know his, or her, place.'

'Well said.' The Rector was inching toward the stairs, a hot flush visible above his dog collar. 'You might, er, care to have another packet of Black Stallions at hand within, say, the next hour?'

'Of course, sir. And, if I might be so bold, I would like to extend to you a personal welcome to our little community. I'm sure sir will fit in admirably.'

'Yes. . . yes. . .' The Rector's eyes had taken on a glazed appearance. 'And quite a tight fit, too, if I'm lucky —'

He broke into a sudden gallop upstairs and disappeared, breathing heavily.

The sounds of giggles, guffaws and twanging bedsprings began to filter down from above. Beltane sighed. Another busy day bumping and grinding to its inevitable conclusion.

It was hard work at the Dique-Pleazas, admittedly, but so much more to his taste than his former post with Lord Bottibangor of Mincing Parva. Brown-nosing was part and parcel of every good butler's job, but brown-bottoming. . . he shuddered at distasteful memories.

'Mr Beltane?' A head of shoulder-length, exquisite, red-gold curls appeared around the door. It framed a youthful face with large eyes, high cheekbones, and a generous, full-lipped mouth. 'Would you like me to clear away now?'

'Ah, Maisie.' Beltane smiled and beckoned in the new downstairs chambermaid, allowing his gaze to pass admiringly down her over-strained blouse, disturbingly short black skirt and achingly long, black-stockinged legs. Only a week in the job, and hardly broken in yet — or not so you would notice. He looped an avuncular arm over her shoulder.

'Let's leave the clearing up for a while. I think it's time I gave you that tour of the laundry room I promised.'

'Oh, Mr Beltane.'

'Call me Ding Dong.' Maisie giggled softly. A soft, but remarkably firm breast nudged his manly chest.

Beltane's eye wandered to the grandfather clock at the foot of the stairs. He'd take the Rector's condom request with a pinch of salt. Judging by Lady A's usual stamina, he could expect to be untroubled for a good four hours — assuming Montmorency didn't take a tumble from the ivy like last time. Why the drunken old voyeur couldn't just sit himself down in Arabella's bedroom and enjoy the show in comfort was beyond Beltane.

'Are we going to be all alone in the laundry room — Ding Dong?' Maisie cooed.

'Of course —' Beltane began then paused. Why stint yourself of a good thing? There were two more, equally desirable maids upstairs with nothing better to do. Besides, he had the key to the wine cellar, and three on an ironing board would indeed be a story to recount at the annual butler's convention.

'Ding Dong?' Maisie looked momentarily uneasy at the butler's sudden pensiveness. 'Are you coming, then?'

Beltane beamed brightly.

'Oh most certainly, my dear,' he said. 'But not before you.'

SOLD
SOLD
SOLD
SOLD

Kings of the Sting

Charming, glamorous and ruthless, con men have sold everything from the Statue of Liberty to the Elixir of Life. They are the monarchs of the world of crime

by R R Penfold

Confidence tricksters are traditionally seen as the most glamorous members of the criminal fraternity. Suave, elegant and sophisticated, they construct elaborate stings to take fortunes off the greedy and gullible; or, at least, they do in the movies, where they are usually played by stars like Newman, Redford or Caine. The squalid reality of Old Age Pensioners being tricked out of their life savings might be closer to the truth, yet the Hollywood ideal persists because, just occasionally, it does occur. There really have been classic stings — some of them spectacular enough to shake governments.

One of the first was on such a scale that, to this day, it is still referred to in economics text books and guides to the stock market. It was the South Sea Bubble.

It began in 1711 with the foundation of the South Sea Company. In return for a monopoly of trade to the growing markets of South America, the company agreed to take over half the national debt. When a government spends more than it raises in taxes, the difference has to be borrowed from the money markets; this, plus interest, is known as the national debt. Today the idea is commonplace. Four hundred years ago it was a startling innovation, and there were plenty of opportunities for astute individuals to take advantage.

For the general public, however, the South Sea

Facing page, centre: a contemporary cartoon satirises the South Sea Bubble, a classic 18th century fraud. Top left: Ivar Kreuger tried to monopolise the world's match supply. Right: Leopold Harris; his fire insurance frauds were dowsed by fire-raiser Camillo Capsoni (centre)

Company seemed the perfect investment, an apparently profitable company backed by the government. Everyone wanted to be on board that particular gravy train, and the share price soared. In the January of 1720, shares were being traded at £129 each, yet so great was the demand that by July in the same year they were worth a staggering £1,000. As a money-making operation it worked flawlessly with just one area not according to plan — the company had traded at a loss ever since it had been first set up. Not a single penny had been made in profit, but no-one told the public, who were still fighting to buy the shares.

The bubble burst. With almost half the country's investments tied up in the stock, the true state of its finances was revealed, and sent the share price crashing.

For thousands of ordinary investors it meant financial ruin and yet, as the full scale of the scandal became known, it was soon apparent that not everyone had lost their fortune. In an early example of insider trading, all the officers of the company had sold out just before the crash. This was too much for public opinion; they were arrested and had their estates confiscated to compensate the victims while the government — faced with the full wrath of public indignation — introduced so-called gilt-edged securities to finance their spending. This time re-payment was guaranteed.

Even so, it was a long time before anyone was prepared to trust the financial markets again. Instead the rich and famous believed the most wildly improbable story imaginable, and gave a fortune to Count Alessandrio di Cagliostro and his beautiful bride the Countess Serafina — better known as Giuseppe Balsoma and Lorenza Feliciani. Born in the slums of Sicily and Rome, respectively, they arrived in Paris in 1777 to cause a sensation that had very little to do with their newly acquired exotic names. Cagliostro claimed, quite simply, he had been born before Noah's flood. If the man was to be believed, he had talked with Moses, studied under Socrates, advised Roman emperors, and actually witnessed Jesus turning the water into wine. Perhaps the most incredible part of the entire story was that large numbers of people really did believe him. They paid fortunes for herbal remedies sold to them as the elixir of life; they joined his masonic lodge, and spent fantastic amounts on initiation and membership fees, just for a chance to learn his magical rituals. The nobles of one Baltic state even offered him their throne. The Count was astonishingly successful, until he unwisely tried to open a masonic lodge in Rome. The Pope was not amused, and, in 1795, Cagliostro was arrested as a heretic and sentenced to death.

His memorial could only be; the bigger the con, the better it works. An idea that was put to good effect by Ivar Kreuger — the match king of Sweden.

Born in 1880 at Kalmar in Sweden, Kreuger rapidly proved himself to be a child prodigy — not in music or mathematics, but in the art of the con. At school he organised a cheating ring whereby everyone in the group concentrated on their best subject, and shared the results with everyone else. Later, with his excellent, but unearned, qualifications, he enrolled in Stockholm college to study mechanical engineering. Once more he found an undetectable way of cheating, by borrowing the work of other — more talented — students. In this way, when he was asked to produce a design, the drawings he submitted incorporated all the best features from every other student in his class. Not enough from any one individual for the cheat to be suspected, but enough for Kreuger to score high marks with a minimum of effort.

So the stage was all set for a career which began, curiously enough, in re-inforced concrete. At the time this was widely used in America, yet virtually unknown in Europe so, for Kreuger, the next step was obvious. Meeting Julius Kahn, who held the patent for the special type of iron needed, Kreuger offered to become his European representative, only to be told that another Swede, Paul Toll, had already made a similar offer. Any other man would have walked away at that, but not Kreuger. He immediately proposed a joint venture, and so, the soon-to-be-world-famous company of Kreuger and Toll was created. Toll provided the technical expertise while Kreuger provided the finance (borrowed, of course).

Started in 1908, the company was an immediate success. The new material proved to be as popular in Europe as it already was in America, and, that, combined with Kreuger's often unconventional methods, was enough for business to thrive. (On one occasion he only accepted a penalty clause on condition a bonus was paid for every day the work was finished ahead of schedule. The owners of the new building agreed, and Kreuger promptly ordered round-the-clock working to finish the project 60 days earlier than expected — making an extra 70,000 dollars in profit.)

Then Kreuger's business affairs took a sudden change of direction. Exactly why is unknown, but in 1913 he turned his attention to making matches. At the time the situation in Sweden was depressingly familiar: too much production capacity chasing too few orders. Some rationalisation had been carried out when the two leading firms, Jonkoping and Vulcan, had merged, but that still left ten smaller companies ripe for Kreuger. In just over a year he had taken over every one of them — using borrowed money — to create the United Swedish Match Factories, which soon became known as the Kalmar Trust, a company capitalised at four million Kroner. This Kreuger used to buy every available match factory in Europe, Latin America and India.

Not for nothing was he known as the match king.

Then came stage two. Kreuger approached the governments whose economies had been weakened by the First World War, and offered them massive loans at favourable rates of interest — in exchange for which he would be granted a state monopoly on the sale of matches. It sounds almost farcical, yet he was serious, and, with governments desperate for money, his offer was soon taken up to the tune of one hundred million pounds, not a penny of which he owned.

To raise the money Kreuger used what is known as the snowball trick, which had been invented by another king of the sting: Jabez Balfour. In 1868 — Balfour had set up the Liberator Building Society, followed by a string of other companies, including the London and General Bank. Naturally enough, not one of these actually made any honest profit; nor were they designed to. Their job was to take in money from investors, so that part of it could be used to give a return to other investors, whose money had been used to pay still more investors. It was well named the snowball trick as ever increasing numbers were needed to make it work. Any slow down, and the entire structure collapsed, as happened to Balfour in 1892 when one of his companies declared itself bankrupt with debts of eight million pounds — the day after he caught a steamer to South America.

Kreuger intended to raise the money by offering shares in his new company, the International Match Corporation. With state monopolies to guarantee its profits, it seemed the perfect investment, just like the South Sea Island Company. And, just like the South Sea Island Company, the money came pouring in.

Soon Kreuger was living the life only the very wealthiest could afford, but which was entirely appropriate to a man capable of lending what, in modern day terms, would be billions of pounds:

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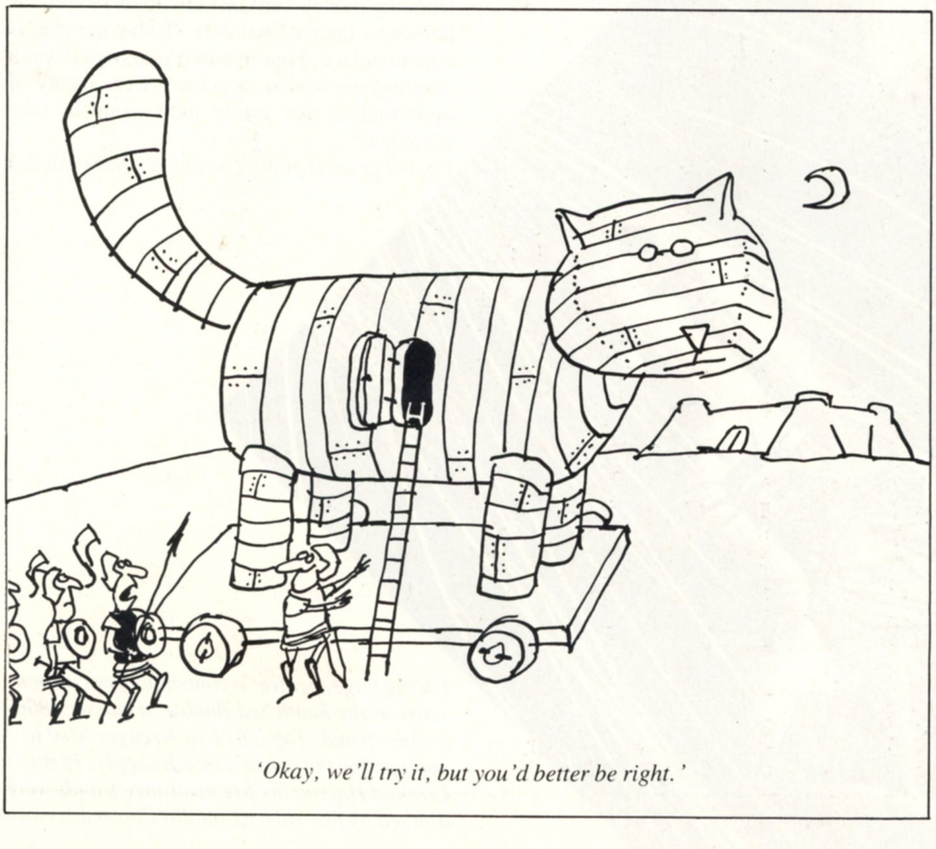

'Okay, we'll try it, but you'd better be right.'

Kings of the Sting

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apartments in New York and Paris, a suite permanently reserved at the Carlton Hotel in London, three summer houses in Sweden; he had it all — and it was all a gigantic fraud.

In fact, Kreuger, was making a stupendous gamble. If the investors could keep on paying in until his match stick monopoly started generating real profits, he won; if not, he and thousands of others would lose everything. How it might have ended remains debateable because in 1929 Wall Street crashed in the biggest slump in economic history.

Suddenly investors wanted their money back, all of it, just as governments began defaulting on repayments of their loans, and people stopped buying matches. (In Germany the situation was so bad every match was split down the middle before it was used.) In desperation, Kreuger turned to the banks, borrowing forty million Kroner off the Swedish Riksbank against his shares in the Boliden copper mine, which, he fraudulently claimed, had just struck a vein of gold — and without mentioning the same shares were already pledged as security against another loan from the Scandanoviska Bank. This trick was known as the 'long firm', but it provided nowhere near enough. Next Kreuger tried to raise credit on the strength of forged Italian bearer bonds, twenty-one million pounds worth, only to see it fail, when an over-anxious clerk tried to cash one too early.

Gifted charmer though he was, Ivar Kreuger had run out of luck. Despite his years of being openly called the saviour of Europe, despite all the awards grateful governments had showered on him, and despite the tributes paid to him in no less a paper than *The Times*, his fraud finally caught him out. On March 11, 1932, he committed suicide in his Paris apartment leaving behind a massive financial empire — with absolutely no substance in it whatsoever.

Yet there were others just as audacious as Ivar Kreuger. Perhaps their stings would not shake governments, but they still deserve their place in the con artist's hall of fame, and for one very good reason — these were the people who gave confidence tricksters their place in the public imagination by selling national monuments.

Individuals like the Scottish con-man, Arthur Ferguson, who in 1925, 'sold' Buckingham Palace for £2,000; Big Ben for £1,000 and Nelson's Column for £6,000. In every case, his method was the same. He would stare at the great monument, sometimes for hours, until a tourist asked him what he was doing. 'Preparing to dismantle it,' he would reply. 'It has to be sold to pay off Britain's massive war loans'. After that, all he had to do was wait for his gullible victim to force him into accepting large amounts of money. It was such an easy way of making a living that Ferguson was able to finish the year in America, where he also managed to 'sell' the Statue of Liberty for 100,000 dollars, having first raised a similar amount from a Texan, who thought he had rented the White House.

In 1925 there must have been something in the air, because in the same year the Eiffel Tower was sold twice — by the same man. This was Victor Lustig, a Czech, who tricked his way across Europe, until he discovered what rich pickings there were to be had on the transatlantic passenger liners. There, among millionaire tourists, he stayed for several lucrative seasons, that included a 25,000 dollar sting, when he sold a machine for duplicating banknotes, which, naturally stopped working as soon as he left the boat.

Then he read a report in a newspaper about the Eiffel Tower being in such a poor state of repair that it might even be necessary to pull it down, and re-build it. To the con-man, reports like that in reputable newspapers are pure gold, and Lustig was soon in action. Contacting a scrap metal dealer named Andre Poisson, he offered the contract to dispose of what amounted to 7,000 tons of scrap iron. In return for this, Lustig made it clear he expected a cash bribe, which, for Poisson, was final proof that Lustig worked for the government, as he claimed. The bribe was duly paid and, twenty-four hours later, Lustig was out of the country. That should have been the end of it, but, when the papers failed to report the story, Lustig guessed his victim had been too embarrassed to go to the authorities. The confidence trickster's traditional safeguard had worked again, leaving the way clear for him to return, and repeat the trick. This time, however, his victim did go to the police, even though it did no good. Lustig escaped once again with neither of his victims being prepared to reveal how much they had lost.

'All those opposed, signify by saying "I resign."'

The fraudster Leopold Harris used less spectacular methods, but was no less effective. He defrauded the insurance companies with a variation of yet another classic trick, the fire in the over-insured warehouse.

In Britain the late 1920s was a time of economic depression, of hunger marches, and unemployment. Every business suffered, and, for some, the only way to avoid bankruptcy was a convenient fire to destroy the stock no-one would buy. In principle, the idea was simple, and it is still practised today, but what set Harris apart was the sheer scale of his operation.

Operating from within his own company. Harris and Co (Assessors) Ltd, Harris quickly built up a ring of contacts and associate companies, until the system ran like clockwork. At the beginning of the chain was a company called H Gould and Co, operated by Harry Gould, Harris's brother-in-law. This bought up fire damaged stock, repackaged it, where necessary, and then sold it to whoever was about to have the next fire. Obviously, as the stock was never intended to be re-sold, he could charge a high price for it; in fact, the higher the better, as the invoices then became proof of the value of stock, when the insurance claim was made. After the fire, Harris would assess the damage for the insurance companies, and process claims for them to pay. Should there be any problem, the matter was passed to the London Salvage Corps, an organisation set up by the insurance companies to protect themselves from fraud. Unfortunately, the very respectable Captain Brynmore Eric Miles MC, who had been appointed as the Corps chief, also had heavy gambling debts; in other words, he was in the pay of Leopold Harris.

This was the kernel of the system. Over a period of time it was expanded, until Harris not only lent money to start up new businesses, but, on at least one occasion that can be proved, also owned the building from which the company was trading. This was 27 York Street, in Manchester, where the first floor was occupied by Acevose Silks Ltd (whose shareholder and director had already been involved in an earlier fire), and the second housed another silk trader, Richard Glen and Co (whose sole employee was a Billingsgate fishmonger). When the building went up in flames, Acevose Silks alone received £26,751 in compensation, which helps explain why Harris was earning an estimted £500,000 a year at the height of his operation.

The end, when it came, was also classic. Harris managed to insult the wife of one of the fire raisers, Camillo Capsoni. In revenge, Capsoni approached a solicitor who had often represented the insurance companies in fraud cases, and offered to tell the whole story. With such a confession, the end was a foregone conclusion, and, in August 1933, Harris was convicted of arson, and sentenced to a total of 14 years imprisonment.

However, by all accounts, the spell in prison did him nothing but good, and, on his release, he began an honest career — as a fire assessor.

In the world of the con artist, little is predictable. Only one thing is certain: the greatest of all the kings of the sting is the individual nobody knows about, and perhaps never will.

Designed over 50 years ago as an umbrella on wheels, Citroën's 'Ugly Duckling', the Deux Chevaux, became popular with young and old, selling over 6½ million cars

2CV

three letters that link six decades

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by David Jacobs

Main picture: A sporty, 1987, 2CV with the standard 600 cc engine. Top left to bottom: This rugged 2CV racer can reach speeds up to 80 mph. A battered pink 2CV with its window frames removed. A Mehari jeep popular in France, and a standard 2CV car.

The Citroën 2CV is dead, long live the 2CV! And live on this lovable unique little French economy package will. There have been only a handful of cars like it. The Model-T Ford, of which Henry-the-First had to make more than 15 million to meet demand. The Volkswagen Beetle, Hitler's Peoples' Wagon, which exceeded even the prodigious production-run, and the British Baby Austin, which did not survive World War Two but is today avidly sought after by vintage-car buffs. The 2CV, Citroën's *Deux Chevaux*, so-called because originally it benefitted from France's fiscal 2hp tax-rate, matches them all.

It was conceived in 1935. The brief to designer Boulanger was to produce the minimum practical motor-car. One that, in the words of the Citroën Managing Director, would be an umbrella-on-wheels but when used by farmers, would be able to carry a box of eggs over a ploughed field without breaking one. Pierre-Jules rose to the challenge and succeeded.

He made a truly simple car. The engine driving the front wheels was a tiny air-cooled overhead valve flat-twin-cylinder of a mere 375 cc. A frontal fan assisted in passing air over the finned cylinders, and if it rained you were expected to hang a little apron over the grille to keep the spark-plugs dry. The four-speed gearbox was controlled by a push-pull lever extending from the dash. The springing was very supple — remember those eggs! — so that on a quick corner the *Deux Chevaux* rolled like a small sailing boat. Originally the body panels were corrugated to stiffen them, giving an unsightly appearance, so it was dubbed the 'Ugly Duckling'. The roof of this wheeled umbrella was a roll-back length of fabric, the lightest and least-complicated of sun-tops. Small as it was, the 2CV possessed four doors and room for four.

The first idea was for the 2CV to have an aluminium body giving a speed of 37 mph over the worst ground with a petrol-thirst of 90 mpg. It is said that 200 prototypes were built, but all but two destroyed when war came in 1939, to prevent the German invaders of Paris stealing Citroën's secrets. Ready by 1939, the Hitler interruption meant that the 2CV did not make its debut until the Paris Motor Show of 1948, when 1¼ million people are reported to have thronged to the Citroën stand to examine it. Ironically, on the stand opposite, Renault were displaying their even smaller rear-engined 4CV. Deliveries of the new Citroën commenced in 1951, and it came to Britain in 1953, to conquer the economy-car market here. Between these dates output at the Levallois factory was at the rate of 400 a week. Forty years later, 6.7 million 2CVs had been sold in 40 different countries.

The *Deux Chevaux* was endowed with many endearing features. The petrol gauge was a very long flexible stick which you poked into the tank, and withdrew to obtain a reading. The only instruments were a little speedometer backed up by an ammeter. Doors and seats were quickly detachable, to give more space within.

The engine gave a mere nine horse-power, so the 10 cwt, seven foot nine inch-wheelbase 2CV was reduced to a crawl up hills. But Gallic logic had provided excellent brakes, with a lining area of 65 square inches, so time could be safely restored by rushing downhill.

It was all thoroughly ingenious particularly the inter-connected coil springs with damping controlled by eight pound cast-iron weights, which gave the 2CV its wonderfully comfortable ride. It was a 40 mph cruiser, returning 60 mpg of fuel in its 1950 form.

You were meant to flog your *Deux Chevaux* all day and all night, the engine being unburstable and unlikely to ask for a rebore before 36,000 miles. Some 2CVs ran astronomical distances without much trouble, a figure of 150,000 miles being officially quoted.

To prove this durability Yacco Oil sponsored a record-bid at the banked Paris Autodrome in 1953, when a 2CV averaged over 85 kph for 24 hours. Round-the-World marathons and African safaris were nothing to the staunch little beggers, and to celebrate the 2CV's 21st birthday, 494 of them undertook a successful 'raid' from Paris to Kabul. To ensure this reliable running, the top gear was a 5.7 to 1 over-drive, in conjunction with 125-400 Michelin tyres. In 1954 the British price was £398 plus purchase tax.

To give the 2CV van more grunt, the engine was enlarged to 425cc, and this was soon adopted for the cars, increasing power output to 12 bhp. In 1958 a twin-engined four-wheel-drive Cross-Country version was introduced, of which 700 were made. In the beginning the only colour was slate-grey. But soon the whizz-kids were painting their 2CVs in bright designs.

In 1959, the looks of the standard 2CV were changed with the advent of the Bijou saloon, which Citroën's Slough Depot in England thought resembled that of the big advanced Citroën DS. By 1969, production was up to 765 a day.

In 1980, the engine-size was again enlarged, to 602 cc, giving 29 bhp at 5,750 rpm, and two

Main picture below and top left: A blue novelty 2CV which is driven back to front. Designed for exhibitions, it's not allowed on the road. Below it: A customised yellow 2CV with extended boot. A Charleston 2CV from 1980, and a racing model without rear doors.

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NEW SPORTING
2CV6 Spécial
TPV 38
GB
CITROËN
C408 RJB

years later disc front brakes were fitted. The Dyane edition had not been popular, and was dropped by 1983, replaced with the deluxe Charleston model. The long-serving 2CV Fourgonette van gave place to the Arcadia van, which economically made use of the pressings from the cab and bonnet of the discarded Dyane. Now it is all over! But it will be a very long time before the 2CV is discarded by those who want to save petrol whilst still having fun.

As the end of the production-run approached, people were queueing-up to buy the last brand-new *Deux Chevaux*. With petrol approaching £2 a gallon, what a bargain! The basic 29 hp, 58 mph 2CV cost £3,811 in 1989, the Dolly version £3,958, the deluxe Charleston £4,242. I wish I had not been reminded of this; foolishly I forgot to lay one down . . .

Main picture left: A 2CV6 Special with picnic box. Top left to bottom right: The front view of an expertly customised 2CV. A four-wheel-drive Mehari jeep. Another customised 2CV, this time with yellow headlamps, and a second view of the red-flamed customised 2CV. Finally, a 1984, blue-striped Beachcomber 2CV.

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A jealous husband arrived home unexpectedly early one day. His worst fears were confirmed when he found his wife lying naked on the bed, and spotted a pair of bare feet sticking out from under the curtains.
'Who the hell are you?' he demanded as he tore the curtains back.
Thinking fast the quick-witted man replied: 'Oh, I'm from the government. I'm a moth inspector.'
'Really,' said the husband, 'well, why the hell are you stark naked?'
'Oh God,' said the man glancing down, 'I'm too late.'

How can you tell if a woman is wearing tights? When she farts her ankles swell.

A well-to-do young man was chatting up a nice young lady in an expensive London night club. Things were going very well, and after a while he asked if he could take her home.
'Well okay,' she said, 'but I better warn you that I'm on my menstrual cycle.
'No problem,' replied the young man, 'I'll follow in the Porsche'

A young lift attendant from Goole,
Was called Pete by his friends, as a rule,
Then one day, in between floors,
His dick caught in the doors.
Now he's called Peter No Tool.

Gordon and Robert had been a right pair of lads when they were alive, so they weren't too surprised to find themselves in the underworld when they died. The Devil was waiting for them as they passed through the Gates of Hell, and he checked them off on the 'New Arrivals' list.
The smell of singed flesh and the wails of torment soon proved too much for Gordon, and he hurried off to the Devil begging for release.
'Well,' said the Devil, 'there is one way . . .'
'I'll do anything,' said Gordon.
'Well then,' said his diabolical host, 'follow me.'
The Devil led him to a small back room in the catacombs of Hell, where the ugliest women Gordon had ever seen lay sprawled naked, warts and all, on a couch.
'This,' said the Devil, 'is the most hideous hag in the bowels of Hell. To escape from here you must first bonk her.'
Gordon was naturally appalled and refused the offer. A couple of weeks later the sulphurous stench of Hell proved too much for Gordon and he approached the Devil again to see if his offer still stood. The Devil agreed it did and escorted him back through the catacombs. Gordon, thinking he knew the way, opened one of the doors and was confronted with the sight of Robert writhing naked on a couch with Marilyn Monroe.
'What's going on?' asked the indignant Gordon. 'Robert gets Marilyn Monroe and I get the most hideous hag in all Hell. How come?'
'Well,' said the Devil, 'there are women who want to get out of here too.'

Two female astrologers were talking at a party.
'Your baby is lovely,' said the first,' 'what sign was he conceived under?'
'Keep off the grass,' said the second.

'You seem perfectly qualified for the job Miss Smithers,' said the personnel manager interviewing a young girl, 'but this is a Big Firm. Tell me, do you have Big Firm experience?'
'No but I have Big Firm breasts,' the girl replied.
'When can you start?' asked the personnel manager.

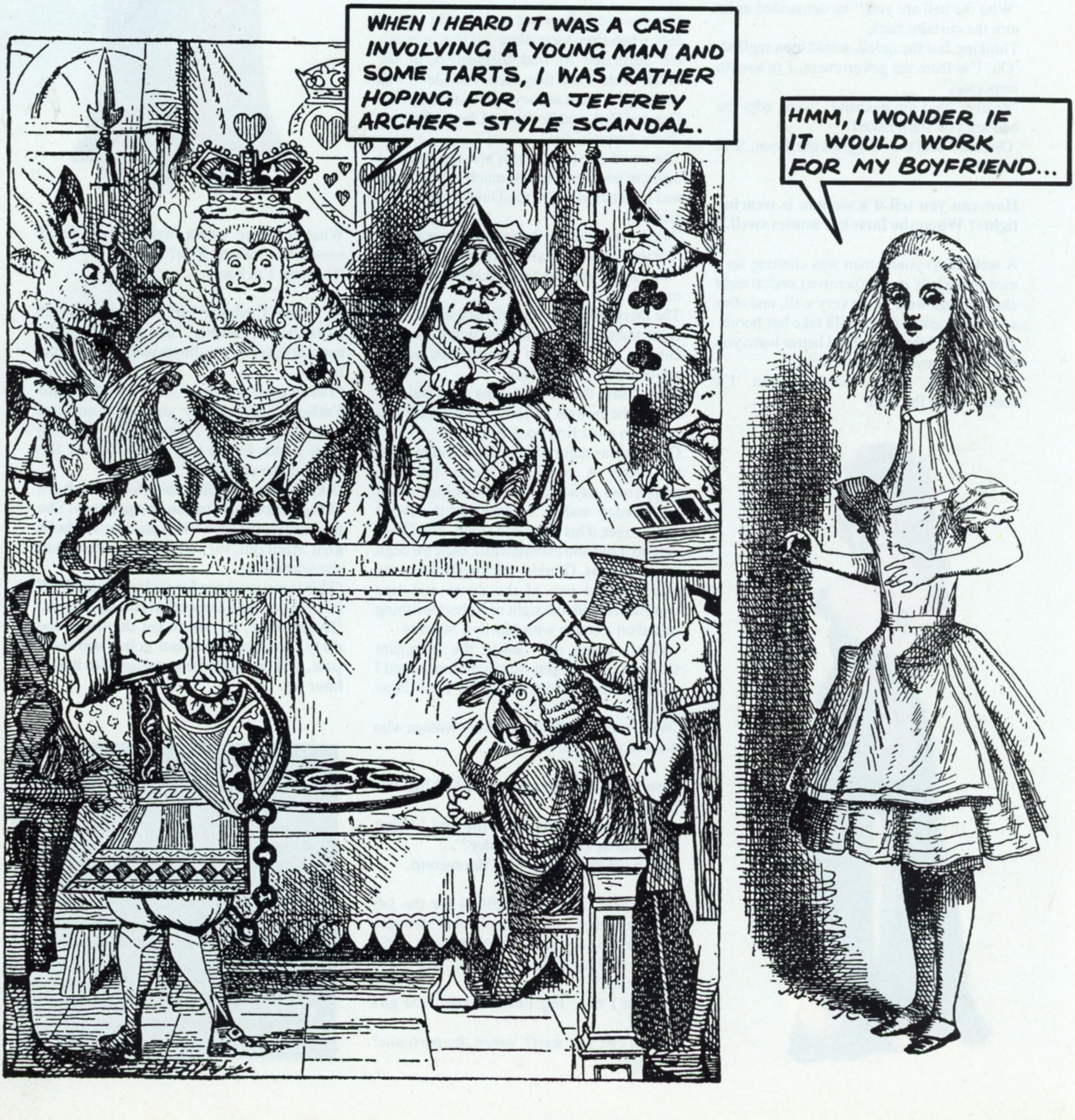
What are three words flighty wives dread most while making love?
'Darling, I'm home.'

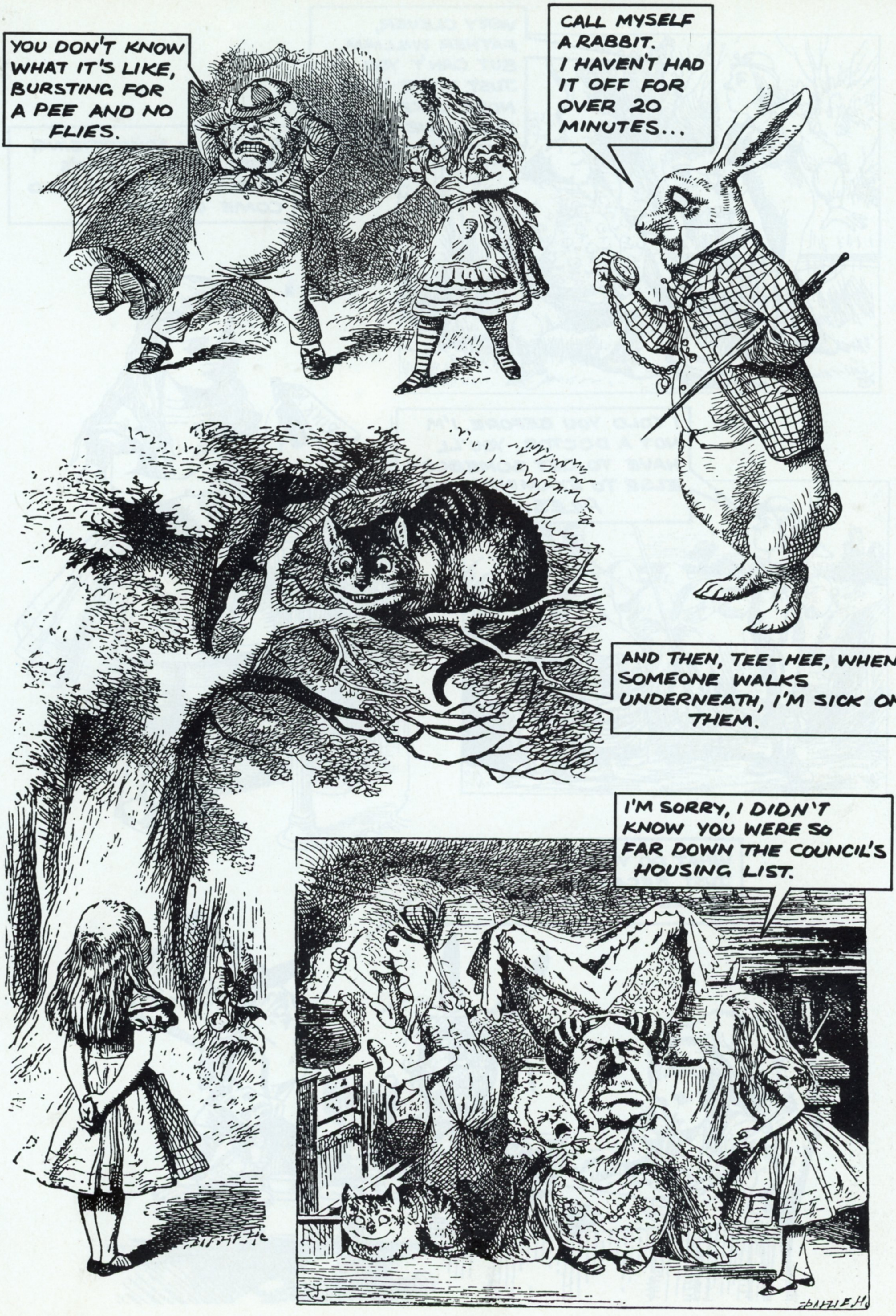
A young Catholic girl, Eileen, was at confession telling the priest she'd masturbated her boyfriend the night before.
'This is a very serious sin, my child,' said Father O'Hara. 'For your penance you must say ten Hail Marys while washing your hands in the holy water font at the back of the church.'
Duly chastened, Eileen hurried to the back of the church and began her penance. She had almost finished when another Catholic girl, Maureen, turned up and asked what she was doing.
'This is my penance for jerking Patrick off last night,' said the embarrassed Eileen.
'In that case, try not to get the water too dirty,' replied Maureen going suddenly pale, 'I'll probably be gargling with it a bit later on.'

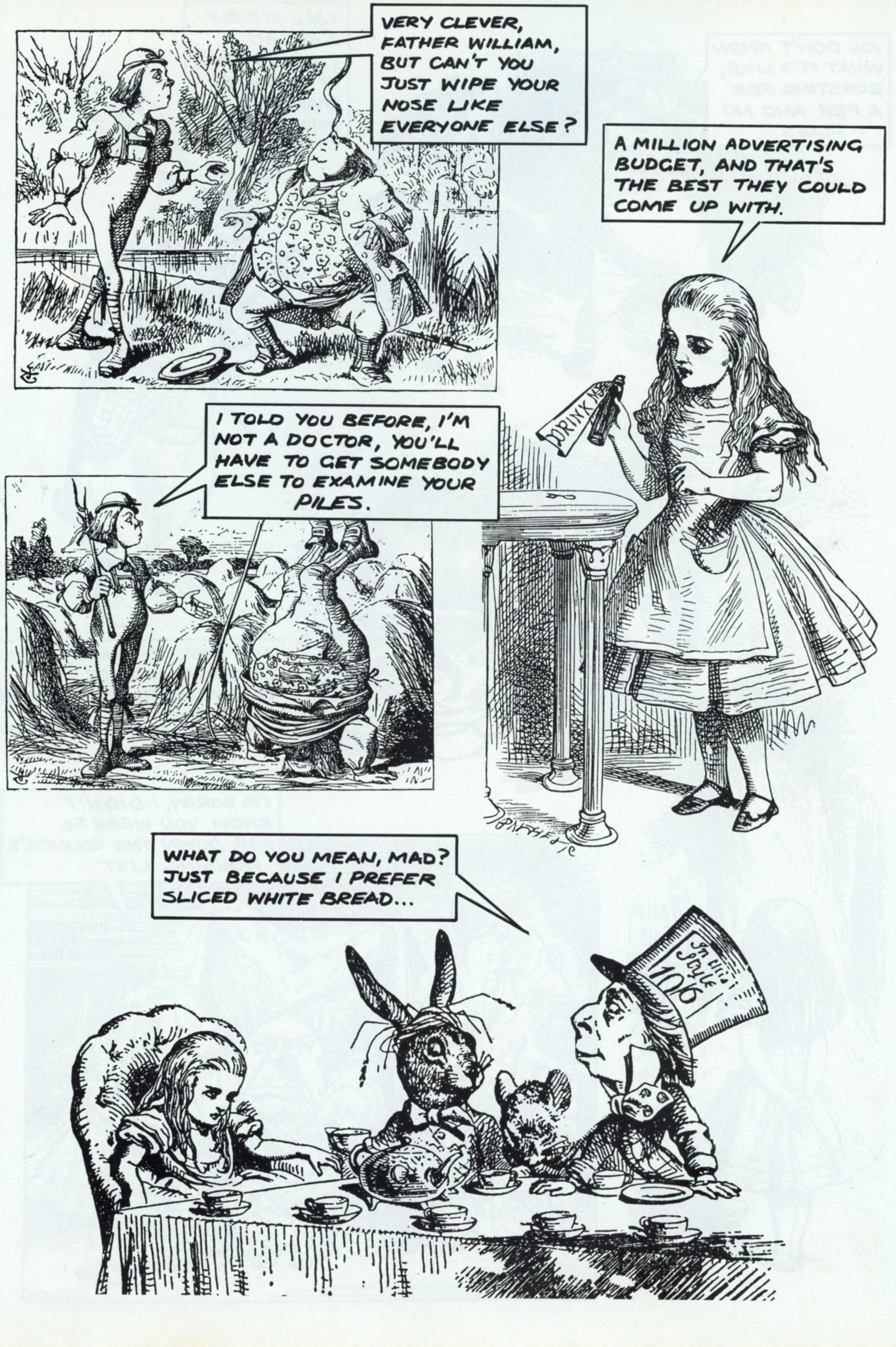
Share your after dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', *Mayfair* magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

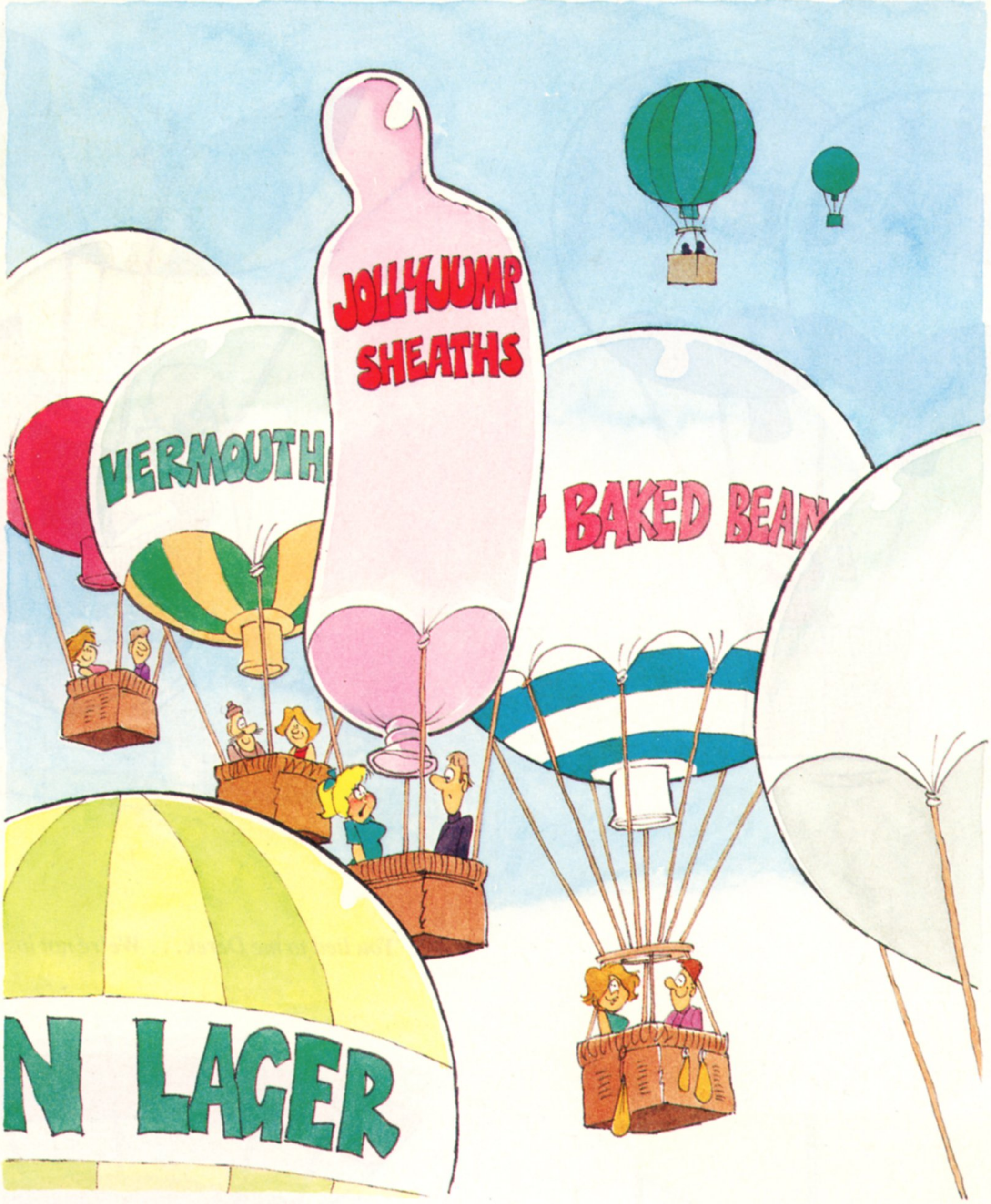
Curiouser and curiouser! *Mayfair's* own Clive Harris has taken Tenniel's famous illustrations of Alice's adventures, and given Carroll's characters some mad patter

Harris through the Mocking Glass


WHEN I HEARD IT WAS A CASE INVOLVING A YOUNG MAN AND SOME TARTS, I WAS RATHER HOPING FOR A JEFFREY ARCHER-STYLE SCANDAL.
HMM, I WONDER IF IT WOULD WORK FOR MY BOYFRIEND...


YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE, BURSTING FOR A PEE AND NO FLIES.
CALL MYSELF A RABBIT. I HAVEN'T HAD IT OFF FOR OVER 20 MINUTES...
AND THEN, TEE-HEE, WHEN SOMEONE WALKS UNDERNEATH, I'M SICK ON THEM.
I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SO FAR DOWN THE COUNCIL'S HOUSING LIST.

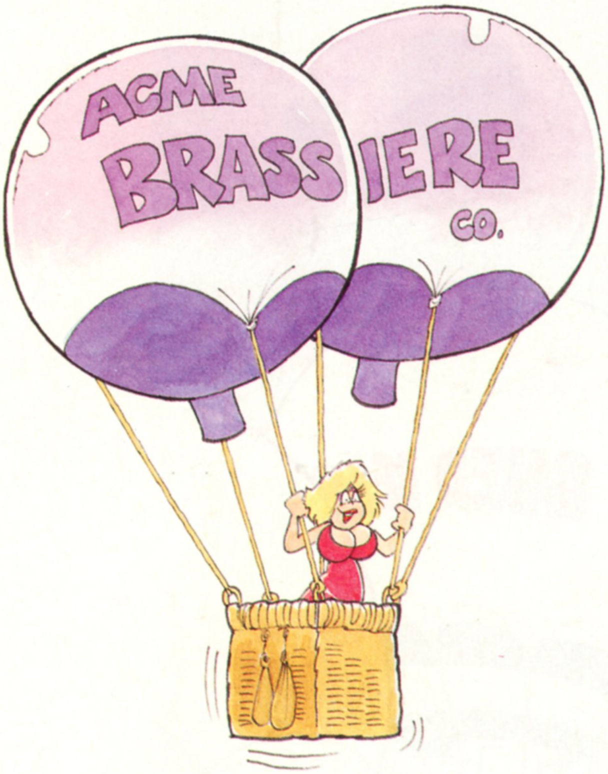

VERY CLEVER, FATHER WILLIAM, BUT CAN'T YOU JUST WIPE YOUR NOSE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?
A MILLION ADVERTISING BUDGET, AND THAT'S THE BEST THEY COULD COME UP WITH.
DRINK ME
I TOLD YOU BEFORE, I'M NOT A DOCTOR, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET SOMEBODY ELSE TO EXAMINE YOUR PILES.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MAD? JUST BECAUSE I PREFER SLICED WHITE BREAD...
In this Style 10/6

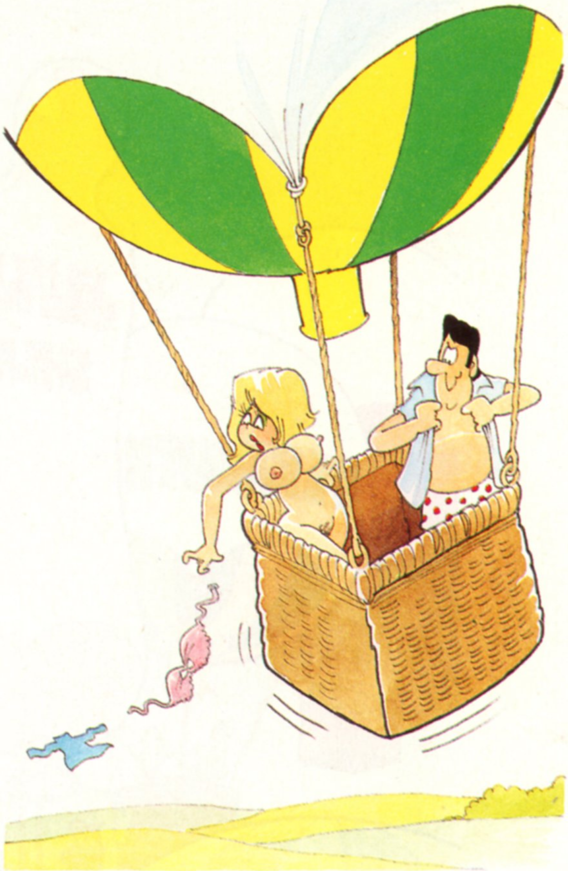


'I just wish you'd told me before you asked me to go ballooning with you, Geoffrey.'

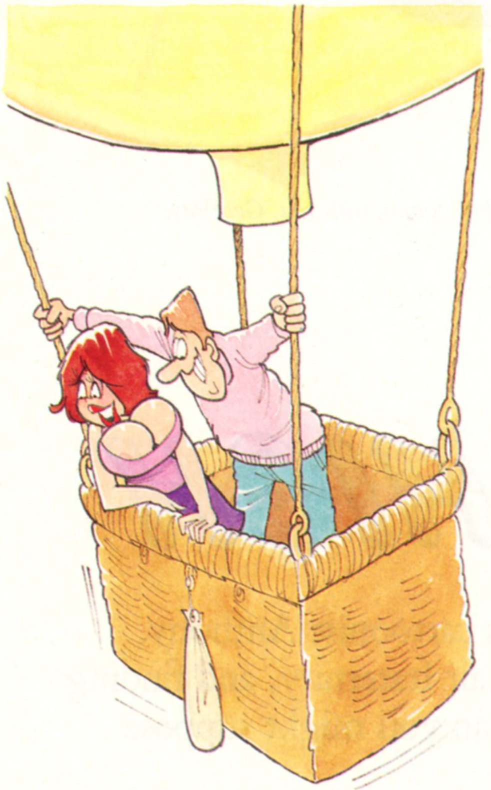
RIDING HIGH

Balloonists do it in baskets, reckons cartoonist Anthony, surveying the sky-high jinks of the hot air fraternity, and finding they're a lot more down to earth than you might suppose

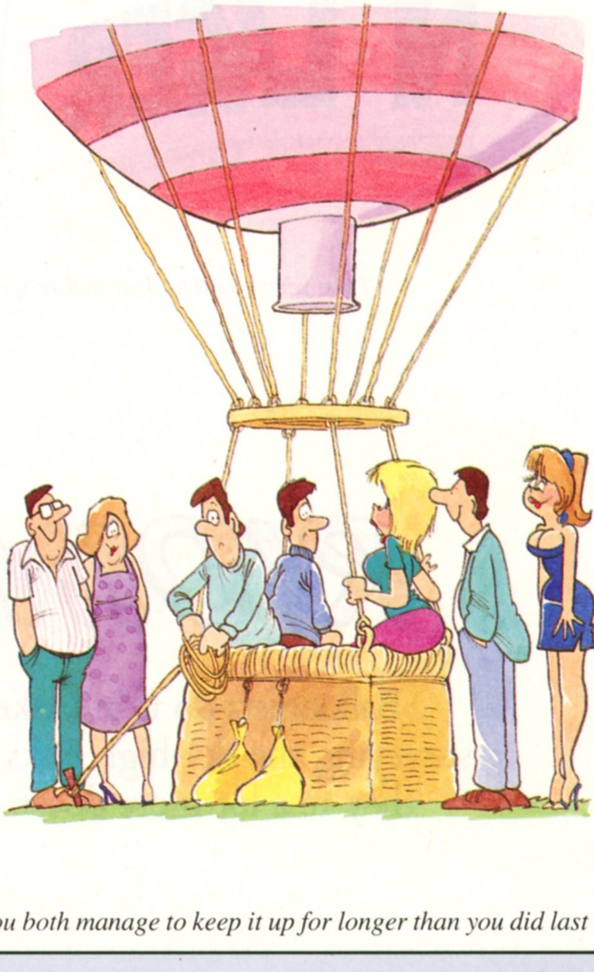




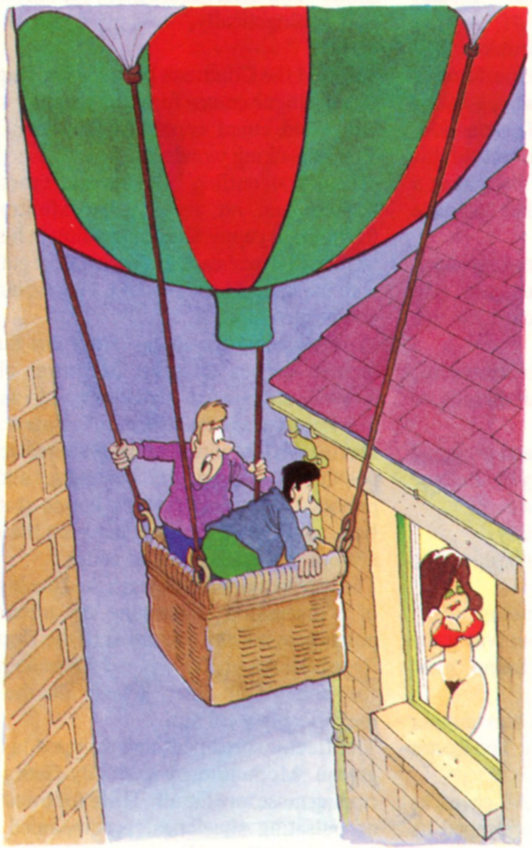
'You lied to me Derek . . . We're not losing altitude.'



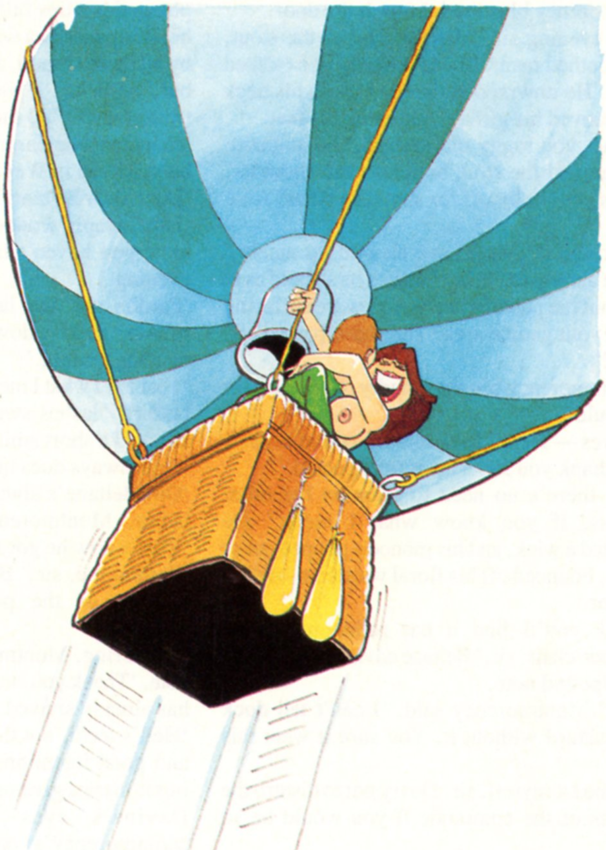
'You get a lovely view from up here, don't you Nigel?'



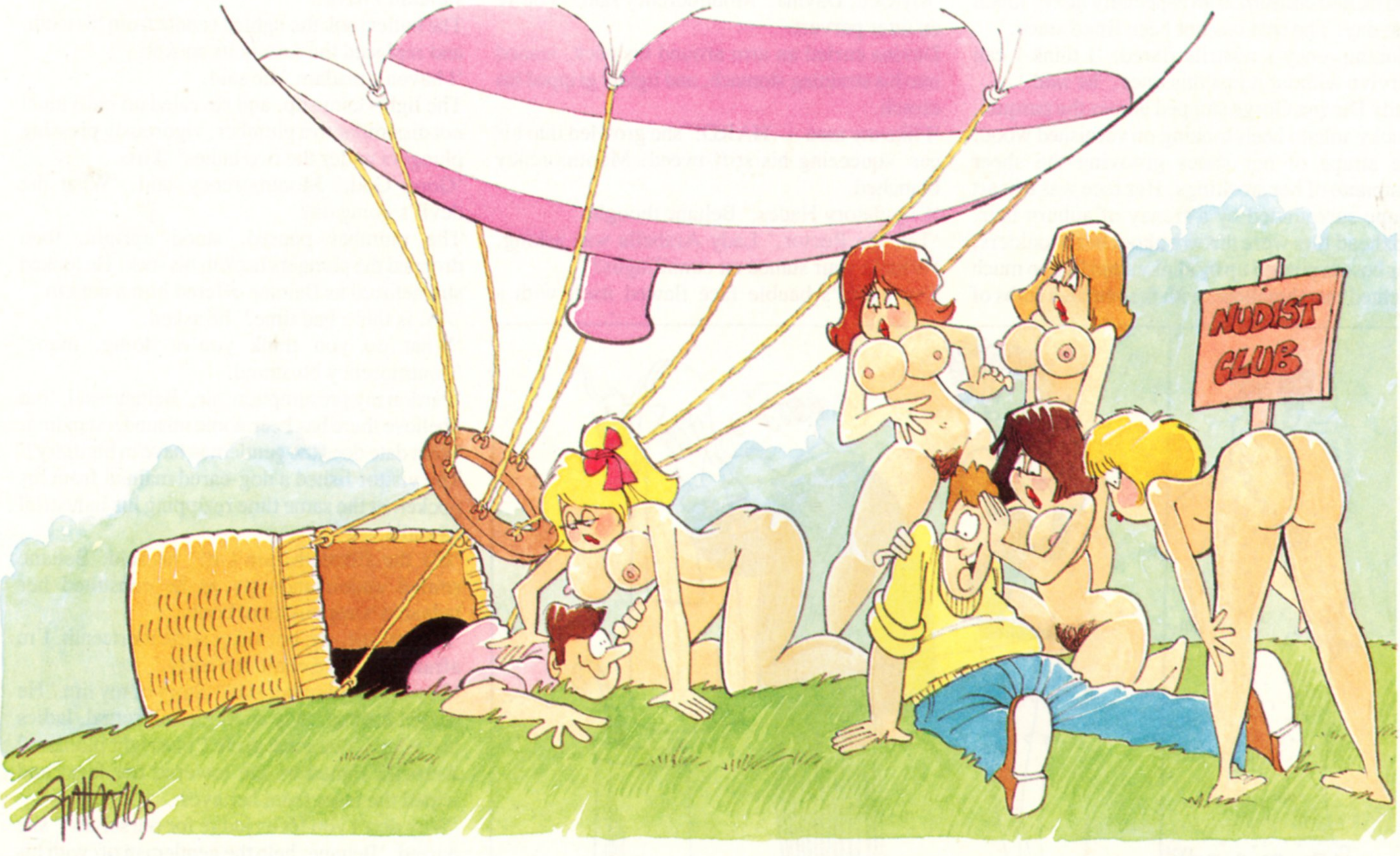
'I hope you both manage to keep it up for longer than you did last time.'



'For heavens sake, Martin... We're supposed to be in a race!'



'Mmm! Yes! Higher darling, higher...'



'Splendid spot to attempt your first landing, David.'

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

To many men the idea of their wife or girlfriend having sex with another partner is a peculiarly arousing fantasy. This month Quest talks to three individuals who allowed the fantasy to become a reality. The end results proved to be as unexpected as they were erotic

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Female
Age. . . . 24 years
Town of Origin. . . . Bodmin
Other details. . . . This petite brunette interviewee, worked in retailing before marrying earlier this year. She has a baby daughter.

Quest: Do you think fidelity is important in marriage?

Housewife: Yes, I do. You can't go chasing after everyone you fancy when you've got a kiddie.

Quest: What about before marriage?

Housewife: That's different. I don't mean you can go mad, but you haven't made any promises then.

Quest: Is that why you slept with Paul in Majorca?

Housewife: I didn't sleep with him. We just got a bit naughty; that was all.

Quest: But you did have intercourse?

Housewife: Once, yes. We didn't sneak off for a night of passion. It was just something that happened.

Quest: By accident — perhaps when you'd had too much to drink?

Housewife: We *had* drunk a bit, but it wasn't an accident. I wanted to do it with Paul. I thought he was really fanciable.

Quest: Did your future husband — Steve — know about this?

Housewife: That I fancied Paul? Oh yes. He was practically throwing me at Paul all fortnight!

Quest: Was he trying to get rid of you?

Housewife: The thought did cross my mind! We'd been going out for over two years that summer. I thought he was after Tracey — Paul's girlfriend. Especially after what happened on the beach.

Quest: What was that?

Housewife: One afternoon I'd been in the water. Paul had gone back to the hotel. I came up the beach, and saw Tracey lying on her front, with Steve lying beside her, spreading sun lotion on her. He was doing her right side, smoothing the oil from just by her armpit into the small of her back. But, on the way, he was dipping right down onto this big, squashy boob pushing into her towel — she was a good 38C, then. Each dip was getting lower and lower. She was giggling, obviously loving it, and lifting herself up a bit each time to encourage him. By the time I got there, half her front was off the towel; I could see her nipple — a stiff one, I noticed. As Steve brought his hand down, he was about an inch away from touching it — he had that much of her boob in his palm. Of course, he jerked his hand back as soon as he saw me. I asked him if he was enjoying his grope. Tracey just laughed. Steve laughed, too, but I could tell he knew he'd been caught out. Then I asked him for the towel; he had one draped over his waist. He wouldn't give it to me, started to tell me I could dry off in the sun. In the end I got annoyed, and snatched it away. He only had an erection! He flopped straight onto his tummy, but I saw the lump in his trunks. So did Tracey. She was laughing herself silly, until she saw the look on my face. Steve and I had a barney about it back in our room. Steve was saying, 'Well I wouldn't go bananas if you wanted to put sun tan oil on Paul.' 'Oh yes?' I said. 'Even on his willy?' 'Wouldn't bother me,' he said. I had the feeling he quite liked the idea of me oiling Paul's cock.

Quest: What happened then?

Housewife: You tell me! Tracey wanted to go shopping. I didn't want to go; neither did Paul. So Steve offered to take Tracey in for the morning. They didn't get back till past seven — with some story about getting lost on the way back. I stayed on the beach with Paul. Towards the end of the afternoon, he said: 'I reckon they're up to something. She's giving him one.' I told him that was rubbish — not that I didn't believe Tracey wouldn't: I was afraid Paul might think I'd do it with him if I agreed.

Quest: I thought you fancied him?

Housewife: I fancy a lot of people. That doesn't mean I'll drop my knickers for them. When he got back, Steve said: 'What are you worried about? I gave you a whole day clear with Paul. I half expected to find you both in his room.' He said that he and Tracey had only had lunch and a few drinks. I didn't really believe him, though.

Quest: Would you have had sex with Paul if you had believed him?

Housewife: Probably not. It wasn't tit for tat, though. It was more the feeling, 'Well, if you're going to have a good time, why shouldn't I?' But nothing happened till the last night.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: We made a night of it, ending up at our favourite disco. We were all drinking lots of toasts. A lot of people were going back next day, so there was plenty of smoochy music; after midnight, the lights hardly ever went up. By about one I was dancing with Paul, and Steve was dancing with Tracey. I wasn't drunk, but I was feeling really nice. Paul was much brawnier than Steve; he was really into working out. Normally, I'm not that keen on obvious muscle, but that night it was gorgeous having this big, broad chest to cuddle up against. I didn't even mind when he put his head down, and kissed me. It was so nice I almost forgot I was on the dance floor, let alone with my boyfriend's best friend. In fact, I got quite turned on — and so did Paul; I could feel it through his slacks. Then I realised where I was, and looked up. But Steve and Tracey had vanished. Paul said they must have slipped out for some fresh air, and we could go and look for them. So we went outside, too.

Quest: Were you seriously looking for them?

Housewife: We did look. I'm not sure if I wanted to find them. But it was very dark. The disco was right on the beach. There were these trees, and bushes round one side. Paul said, 'I bet they're in there.' I followed him into the bushes. There were little sandy gaps in between — it was obviously where couples did go — but it was pitch black; you couldn't see a thing. I was clutching at Paul's hand in case I lost him altogether. We were both giggling. Then he came up against the back wall of the disco. Paul stopped, and said: 'What if we find them having it away together?' I said Steve had better watch it if we did. 'Oh,' said Paul, 'you going to make him jealous, then?' So I asked if he was offering to give me a hand. 'Amongst other things,' Paul said. It was a very sexy conversation! We were pushed right up against each other in all these bushes. We were practically in each other's arms, anyway. Then we just started kissing and cuddling.

Quest: Did you plan to have intercourse?

Housewife: I felt so turned on I didn't plan anything. But it was obviously what Paul wanted. Apart from kissing me like he wanted to eat me all up, he felt stiff between his legs; he still had his trousers and pants on, but I could feel it pushing right through my dress. That *really* turned me on. I just went crazy. I didn't know what I was doing.

Quest: Did you touch his erection?

> **As my boyfriend made love to me he wanted to know exactly how I had had sex with his best friend**

Housewife: I couldn't help it! But I didn't just grab him right off. I let him touch my boobs first.

Quest: What were you wearing?

Housewife: A pale yellow halter neck dress. Just a bra and pants underneath. As we kissed, Paul started fondling my boobs through the front, then he got the bow at the back of my neck untied, and pulled the front down. I was only wearing a very light, stretchy bra — I'd only put it on because I'd be dancing; it was very easy to just push the cups off my boobs. I leaned back against the disco wall as he started licking and sucking them. I remember my nipples just ached; they were so hard. That's one thing I love, having my boobs played with. Then I just had to reach down and touch Paul's cock, through his trousers. I only meant to give him a quick feel — I didn't want him to have any accidents. But, as soon as I felt how hard he was, I couldn't help myself — I started squeezing the material round his shaft, and rubbing it up and down. I think he got a pretty clear idea of what I wanted!

Quest: How did you have intercourse?

Housewife: He pushed his hand under my dress, round my bottom at first, then started tugging down my pants. We were all over each other. But it was very uncomfortable, with my back against the wall — I'm quite short, and Paul's nearly six foot. So, in the end, I had to make him move back, and I took my knickers off myself. He was so worked up, though! Then he got the idea, and dropped his trousers. I only wish there'd been more light to see what he looked like! There was just enough room to get down on the sand. I didn't want to take off my dress, in case someone else came along, so Paul pulled off his shirt, and put it down, and I sat on it. Then I lay back, and Paul got down with me, pulled up my skirt, and opened my legs. Then he got on top of me, and put his cock in me, and we did it.

Quest: There was no more foreplay?

Housewife: I've probably made it sound a bit mechanical. It wasn't; it was all incredibly frantic. Paul wanted it so much — I think I wanted it even more! I know I was practically coming as he slid inside me. It just got better as he started moving, and then he was groaning and letting fly, and I was moaning — I wouldn't be surprised if they heard us on the dancefloor!

Quest: And afterwards?

Housewife: We got tidied up, and went back in. Steve and Tracey were at our table. I could tell by the look on Steve's face he knew what I'd been up to — I'm sure I looked a mess! But I didn't rise to it. Later, in our room, he said: 'You had Paul tonight, didn't you?' I told him his imagination was working overtime. But he kept on and on about it — not angrily; it was like he was teasing me. He ended up chasing me round the room, but I wouldn't admit anything. Then he got me down on the bed, and we started making love. He seemed to go crazy; he was like a tiger. At first I was afraid he notice someone else had been in my pussy before him. But he came in quite quickly and exploded at once — thank God. After that I didn't have to worry. But, when he pulled out, he was still hard, and he started all over again!

Quest: What did he actually do?

Housewife: I was starting to get up-off the bed. I was kneeling on the edge of the mattress, and he suddenly grabbed me from behind. He started stroking my boobs and my bottom, and then his thing poked between my legs; I could see it sticking up under my pubic hair. He began rubbing the edge of it backwards and forwards against my pussy. 'Is this how you did it with Paul?' he said. 'Up against the wall? From behind?' His shaft was rubbing against my clitty. I was saying, 'Don't be silly — you're crazy — I never.'

Quest: But you were excited?

Housewife: I came! I ended up sprawled, face down on the bed, moaning and gasping. He just slipped into me from behind, and let go. It was incredible; one of the best times we've ever had. Afterwards I almost said I ought to make an arrangement with Paul but I never did.

Quest: Have you discussed it since?

Housewife: I think there are some things it's best not to talk about in a relationship.

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Male
Age. . . . 44 years
Town of Origin. . . .
Chester
Other details. . . . This interviewee works at board level in a medium-sized manufacturing firm. He married at 25, was divorced 11 years later, and re-married two years ago.

Quest: Why did you encourage your fiancee to have relationships with other men?

Quest: She wasn't technically my fiancee at that point. We'd lived together for six years; finally decided to tie the knot, because Suzy was coming up to 34, and wanted to start a family. Then, things began to pale. I even thought Suzy wanted kids because our sex life had got a bit tired, which it had. I didn't want to give up sex at 41, so we agreed to float free for six months: still live together, but, if either of us met anyone new, we'd follow it up, no questions asked. Fine in theory, until it happened to Suzy.

Quest: You suffered from jealousy?

Director: A very odd kind of jealousy. I've never thought of myself as a masochist, but finding out what Suzy got up to was extremely arousing.

Quest: What did she tell you?

Director: That she'd gone out with an instructor at the fitness centre she went to. He was about 28, blond, bronzed, extremely good-looking — all of which made me feel marvellous, being pretty much the opposite! But Suzy's very attractive herself — slim, brunette, very trim figure; she looks a good six or seven years younger than she actually is. Apparently this instructor had quite a reputation for putting himself about, and, according to Suzy — or, at least, her women friends at the fitness centre — one of his main attractions was the size of his penis. She insisted this wasn't his main attraction for *her* — it was, she said, the kind of thing women liked to tell other women about the men they slept with, whether it was true or not. Suzy just wanted a pleasant time with someone undemanding — in other words, the opposite of me! He'd made a few overtures before, which she'd turned away. The next time he offered, she'd accepted a drink after her work-out, then dinner, followed by a nightcap at his flat. He'd suggested she stay the night, but she turned him down, though they did have a kiss and a cuddle.

Quest: What did that involve?

Director: That's what I wanted to know! He didn't sound the type who'd take defeat easily. But she started it all so badly I had to drag the details out. She kept saying, 'Well, I didn't tell you that because I thought it'd upset you.'

Quest: Did it?

Director: It was a weird mixture of curiosity, and pain and turn-on. I was daring myself to find out more, knowing it would hurt, but enjoying that, too. You probably think I sound a complete pervert. I know Suzy did. At first she was just embarrassed, then she started laughing, especially when she wouldn't tell me what 'a kiss and cuddle' involved. I knew how far *our* 'cuddles' went. I honestly thought she wouldn't tell me, so it was a shock when she suddenly said, 'Alright, he put his hand in my blouse, if you must know.' I wanted to know if he'd touched her breasts. 'He stroked me a bit, yes,' she said. Through your bra? 'No, it was loose.' Did he unclip it? 'No,' she said, 'I did; I didn't want him to break it.' I wanted to know why she'd let him undo her blouse in the first place. 'He wanted to see what my boobs were like, I suppose', she said. 'Why did *you* like undoing my bra when we first went out?' I couldn't answer that, so I asked what he thought. She went red. 'Well, he obviously liked them, by the amount of attention he was giving them.' I asked what sort of attention. 'Holding them, kissing them, sucking my nipples, I don't know!' she snapped. 'What do fellows usually do with women's breasts? I had my eyes shut. I just know it felt really, really lovely.'

Quest: Where did this seduction take place?

Director: On this fellow's sofa, apparently, with him leaning over her. What I couldn't get over was the fact that she'd let him get her bra off so quickly. I'd taken her to dinner half a dozen times before we'd even kissed! 'You were a married man then,' she said. 'I didn't know what you were up to. Anyway, I *like* having my boobs stroked. *You* were the one who encouraged me to enjoy myself with other people!' That was another thing I couldn't answer. 'Alright,' I said, 'I suppose he took some nice memories of your boobs to bed with him — not bad for a first dinner date.' She didn't say anything to that. So I asked her if that *was* all. When I persisted, she started laughing again. 'You're only going to be annoyed,' she said. I insisted I wouldn't. 'OK,' she said, 'but you're the one who wanted to know, remember.' Then she blushed again, and said: 'Well, I wasn't the only one who got turned on.' 'Obviously,' I said. 'So I couldn't leave him in that state, could I?' she said. When I said I didn't see why not, she laughed. 'Anyway,' she said, 'I stroked him.'

Quest: His erection?

Director: The famous monster, yes. Meanwhile my heart was bumping away. I wanted to know if she'd unzipped him. 'No!' she said. 'I didn't even know he'd got it out until he took my hand and pulled it down onto it.' I laughed then. I told her she was making it up — no one was that crude. Suzy just shrugged. 'You're obviously moving in the wrong circles,' she said. 'That's happened to me half a dozen times since I was 18.' Then she giggled. 'Your face, Michael (name changed)! Men have no idea what other men get up to, have they?' I told her this fellow was obviously a dirty bastard, and she should have told him to eff off and play with himself. 'I couldn't do that,' she said. 'I thought he'd been very nice to me, and, anyway, I liked what he was doing.'

Quest: So she had masturbated him?

Director: That's what I assumed she meant. It turned out she'd 'tickled him a bit'. Then he'd moved back onto the sofa to make it easier for her to get at him. So I said, 'Couldn't you have just touched him where you were?' She said, 'Not with my mouth, no.' That just pole-axed me.

Quest: The idea that she'd fellated him?

Director: Yes! It had taken her two years to do it to *me*! That was our extra special treat — like once every couple of months, if I was lucky. She told *me* she only felt like doing it when she felt extra loving, or extra dirty. Here she was, going down on some stud she'd just met, without a second thought. Why! 'He asked me,' she said. 'He was very straight about it — he didn't force me. You always seem so guilty about it you make me feel I'm being absolutely disgusting. Anyway, I didn't swallow it, if that's what you're worried about.' That was the only bright spot — at least she did that to me.

Quest: Presumably he did ejaculate?

Director: She'd told me she hadn't slept with him, so I assumed they hadn't had intercourse. She still made me ask what had happened. By then she was giggling again. 'I can't tell you,' she said. 'You'll only be disgusted.' You can imagine what *that* did to me! 'Alright,' she said finally, 'when I'd — licked — him a bit, he asked me to stop; he was getting too excited; he wanted to do the same to me before it was too late. He was very close to coming.'

Quest: He wanted to peform oral sex on Suzy?

Director: Apparently she told him he didn't have to, she was quite happy to let him finish; she was actually more worried that, if he got her pants off, he'd end up screwing her. But he went on pleading, meanwhile squeezing her nipple, she said, and rubbing his hand against the top of her thigh, then right into the crotch of her pants.

Quest: What effect did this have on you?

Director: Since we were in bed at the time it made a small mountain in the duvet. In fact, Suzy was laughing, asking if I was sure I could take any more because she didn't want to share a sticky bed. Anyway, she did take her pants off for him, leaned back on the sofa, *and* spread her legs. He'd got down on the carpet, bent down and put his tongue to work. I asked if he was any good at it. 'You don't have to be that good!' she said. 'But, actually, he was, yes.' Then I asked if he'd made her come. She went bright red, and shrieked, 'I'm not going to tell you that!' 'That means he did!' I cried. 'Well, I'm not that fussed — I know how easily you come when you're

> **It took me six dates to get a kiss out of my fiancee. Her new man had her bra-less in minutes**

being licked like that.' Definite sour grapes on my part! But she was still grinning. 'Actually, he didn't do it with his tongue,' she said. That was the final blow. She wouldn' tell me what he'd done — though she insisted he hadn't put it inside her; finally, she whispered it to me.

Quest: What?

Director: She said, 'He knelt up between my legs, took hold of his *thing* and rubbed the end of it against my clitoris. I was terrified he was just going to push it in me, and have me — I couldn't have stopped him. But he just rubbed his whole length against my pussy, and, at the same time, he slipped a finger into my other hole. Then, just as I started to climax, he let fly. I could feel him jerking.' Afterwards she said, 'The nicest thing is you'll never know if I was making it all up.' So I said, 'Well, at least, you didn't actually screw the fellow.' 'How could I?' she said. 'Neither of us had any condoms.' I punished her for that — mainly with the most energetic screw she'd had in years.

Quest: And you got engaged again?

Director: At least we know what to do if we get bored with each other!

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE

Name. . . . Withheld

Sex. . . . . Female

Age. . . . 36 years

Town of Origin. . . . Cirencester

Other details. . . . This attractive blonde interviewee married at 19, and has two children. Her husband manages his own import-export business.

Quest: Do you believe your husband meant you to have sex with his business partner?

Housewife: It was made clear enough to me. It was either that, or say goodbye to a very comfortable lifestyle.

Quest: You make him sound like a Victorian villain.

Housewife: He *was* a Victorian villain! At the time I could have walked out a dozen times. I realise now Derek was under unbelievable pressure. But when your husband is forcing you into the arms of some smooth Italian businessman you're under a fair amount of pressure yourself!

Quest: Why was he doing it?

Housewife: He'd had a very good job since we got married — he was 28 then. By his mid-forties he was sales director of his company, and we were doing very well. Then came a take-over, and he was out. I assumed the redundancy and our savings would tied us over until he got a new job. But Derek sank all that into a business he wanted to start. The deal with this Italian — I'll call him Pierluigi — was the one that would get it off the ground. Perhaps if our love life had been more exciting it wouldn't have been such a sensitive issue; it probably would never have happened.

Quest: What was the problem.

Housewife: After 15 years you can't expect sparks all the time. We still made love, but Derek's work was very demanding; he was away a lot. I had a separate life at home. When Derek was setting up his business, he didn't touch me for three months. We both had adventures.

Quest: Affairs?

Housewife: Derek's been involved with at least two of his secretaries. I had a fling with an old flame about seven years after I was married. And there were a few sweaty afternoons with someone I met at a part-time job I had two years later.

Quest: You had intercourse with these men?

Housewife: I went to bed with the old flame — mainly because we'd done it before, so it didn't seem so bad. I never actually went through with it with Roy, the other man. He was married, too, and his wife was a friend, even though she loathed him. I was very hypocritical; we did everything but the dirty deed.

Quest: What exactly?

Housewife: We actually undressed and got into bed together one afternoon. We were both very aroused; he had an erection. But, at the crucial moment, I wouldn't let him put it in me. I was a complete cow, really; I'm surprised he let me get away with it.

Quest: What did you do, then?

Housewife: We did each other with our mouths.

Quest: You mean, sixty-nine?

Housewife: Oh nothing so elaborate. I might have been 29, but I'd only been to bed with two men, then, neither of them especially adventurous. I was quite naive. Roy started it by creeping down the mattress, putting his head between my legs, and kissing me down there. No one had ever done that to me before. I'd always assumed I just didn't climax very often. Roy changed all that! I'd intended to 'do' him with my hand — just to keep him happy. But, after he'd given me such a glorious orgasm, I felt so grateful I just bent over him, put my head in his lap and took his penis into my mouth — which, before, had always struck me as about the most disgusting act.

Quest: Did he ejaculate?

Housewife: Instantly! I almost ruined everything by gagging. But, then, I found that even it wasn't that awful. Of course, Derek got the benefit of that piece of education. I told him I read about it in a novel. But there were new things he did to me I'm sure he picked up from girlfriends. It almost seems the story of our marital sex life, in a way — lust rekindled by adultery! The business with Pierluigi only brought it into the open.

Quest: What actually happened?

Housewife: Derek invited this man to dinner, and then to stay the night — giving me about two hours' warning. He was about Derek's age, short and dark — he'd obviously been extremely good-looking when he was younger; now he looked more of a cuddly bear than a wolf.

Quest: Did you find him attractive?

Housewife: I wasn't thinking that way, then. He seemed pleasant enough. I was more worried about getting dinner and a bedroom ready. A

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month later he was back to stay for a week — without warning. Then Derek literally dumped him on me. I was supposed to show him the sights, while Derek was off arranging finance. I was seething. It wasn't exactly the ideal way to start an affair.

Quest: But you did what Derek wanted?

Housewife: I didn't have much choice. I took him up to London a couple of times; we went for drives. Pierluigi was very charming, in an obvious way, but his English wasn't that good; I've no idea what he was getting out of it. Then, one afternoon, getting out of the car at a restaurant car park, my foot slipped — he was holding the door open for me — and I cannoned into his arms. I was just about to apologise when he kissed me. Not a peck, either; it was quite slow and enthusiastic. I was flabbergasted. 'My apologies,' he smiled. 'I see a beautiful woman, my feelings boil over. Sometimes I'm too Italian.' When I told Derek, he said, 'You know he fancies you like mad?' I said, 'Hard luck! I'll tell him to call his wife.' 'For God's sake, don't upset him!' Derek snapped. 'I *have* to keep him happy. Just try and be nice to him for a few more days, can't you?' I didn't realise, then, how nice he meant.

Quest: When did you?

Housewife: Gradually, over the next week. Pierluigi flirted outrageously. On the Tuesday he was telling me he'd fallen for me. It was done so blatantly it was funny; I couldn't possibly take him seriously. But, at the same time, it was nice he wanted to make the effort. Then on Thursday we went to Oxford, and stayed so late Pierluigi wanted us to get a hotel room — together. I turned him down, but, when I told Derek, he didn't say a word. I said, 'You didn't expect me to *stay* with him, did you?' He just snapped, 'It's about time we all learned to be flexible.' I'd never heard it called 'flexibility' before! Then, of course, that weekend he flew off to Italy. Pierluigi said he couldn't follow until the Monday. Derek still insists that that wasn't planned.

Quest: Leaving you alone with Pierluigi?

Housewife: Quite. The children weren't back from school for a week. I wanted to go out, but Pierluigi insisted on cooking us a proper Italian dinner. He pounced while I was doing the washing up.

Quest: How?

Housewife: I was filling the dishwasher. He came up behind me, and started kissing the back of my neck — I don't know if Derek had told him how that turns me on. His hands came round my waist, then up over my boobs, squeezing them through my dress and bra. I'd planned exactly how I was going to avoid this moment — I'd convinced myself I didn't really find him attractive. But, when it happened, all that crumbled. It probably shows you what going without for so long can do to you. Your judgement goes straight out of the nearest window.

Quest: You had sex?

Housewife: On the dining room carpet, believe it or not! It was as far as we got. I was trying to get to the stairs, but, once Pierluigi had started, you couldn't turn him off! He was kissing, and pawing me, stroking my boobs and my bottom, tugging down the zip on my dress; he was like someone who just discovered sex — it was wonderful! I ended up on the floor, with my best party dress bundled round my waist, my boobs hanging out the front, my knickers round one ankle, and Pierluigi's little bottom pumping away between my legs. He reminded me of a kind of terrier — he went at it so fiercely. And, all of a sudden, I found myself coming; then he did, and we were away.

Quest: You made love again?

Housewife: We slept together that night, and hardly went out the next day. He made sex such tremendous *fun*. I'd almost forgotten it could be like that. He left early Monday, and, of course, Derek got his deal. I told him; 'You can put that one down to me.' He pretended not to know what I meant. You should have seen his face when I told him not to be naive. Then he said, 'I *was* only joking.' Which was such a lie I laughed. Then he started to ask me, warily, what had happened. So I told him.

Quest: How did he react?

Housewife: By getting redder and redder. Then, when I got to the dining room floor, he jumped on me. He grabbed me from behind, and put his hands over my breasts, and started kissing my neck. The next thing I knew he was hoisting my dress up, and tugging down my pants. He ended up having me on the floor. Marking his territory, I suppose! It was very satisfying, though.

Quest: And your relationship improved as a result?

Housewife: Enormously, but we don't talk about Pierluigi any more — not openly, anyway.

Quest: Thank you.

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